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Poetry.

[We publish below another poem from the pen of Miss Avanelle L. Holmes. There is exquisite grace in the treatment of the subject, and there are lines to be remembered always for their melody and beauty of expression. Like the poem published some weeks since, this has feeling as well as finish.—ED.]

DOWN THE OLENTANGY.

BY AVANELLE L. HOLMES.

O, Mark, and Dora and Will,
When we drift apart forever,
'Twill be sweet to look back, and remember still,
Our voyage by marshland, and wood, and hill,
Dropping down on the tide of the river.

We shall look back from life's sea
With its stormy, uncertain billows,
To that night of starry mystery,
To the light boat floating silently
And the river fringed with willows.

We shall hear the plash of the tide,
And the low winds slumberful surging;
The night bird's call from the woody side,
And the riotous frogs in the marshes wide,
Where the fire-fly lamps were swinging.

We shall shrink from the wonderful spell
Of the weird, out-reaching shadows,
As if some great, wide mystery fell
Between us and life; we shall breathe the smell
Of the elders along the meadows.
The feathery fern's sweet, shy perfumes,
And the odorous wreaths of grape vine blooms,
And bitter-sweet swinging downward;
Ground lives, crushed with a weight of dew,
And a hundred sweets that we floated through,
Into the night, and onward.

We shall long for the saucy stars, that dipped
From the far, still sky-depths o'er us,
To play "bo peep" in the waves, which slipped
Away from our prow, just silver tipped,
As the shy moon fled before us.

O, starry night in June!
O, friends, beloved forever,
The longest dream will but break too soon
When the earth, and sky, and life are in tune,
And no matter how still the river,
It must find and be lost in the ocean's tide;
And it may be our boats will never ride
Again through the fair June weather
Twixt shadowy shores of summer bloom,
Through sweet bewildering light and perfume,
Down the river of life together.

No matter! we've had our summer dream
And not all life's sombre shadows
Can rob that night of one starry gleam,
Can steal the romance from that singing stream,
Or the mystery from the meadows.

So, dip the oars, and sing and float,
With God and the sky above us;
For He, who could take such pitiful note
Of the fishers all night in their empty boat,
Doth care for us surely, and love us.

"*Bon voyage*," shipmates, our loose sails fill,
The flood tide is outward sweeping!—
Here's health to Dora, and Mark and Will,
Think of me, sometimes, kindly still.
Good bye!—Why the stars are weeping!

ADA, June 21st, 1871.

Selected Story.

TWIN LOVE.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

When John Vincent, after waiting twelve years, married Phebe Etheridge, the whole neighborhood experienced the sense of relief and satisfaction which follows the triumph of the right. Not that the fact of a true love is generally recognized and respected when it is first discovered; for there is a perverse quality in American human nature which will not accept the existence of any fine, unselfish passion, until it has been tested and established beyond peradventure. There were two views of the case when John Vincent's love for Phebe, and old Reuben Etheridge's hard prohibition of the match, first became known to the community. The girls and boys, and some of the matrons, ranged themselves at once on the side of the lovers, but a large majority of the older men and a few of the younger supported the tyrannical father.

Reuben Etheridge was rich, and, in addition to what his daughter would naturally inherit from him, she already possessed more than her lover, at the time of her betrothal. This, in the eyes of one class, was sufficient reason for the father's hostility. When low natures love (as they almost invariably do) wholly in the present, they neither take tenderness from the past, nor warning from the probabilities of the future. It is the exceptional men and women who remember their youth. So these lovers received a nearly equal amount of sympathy and condemnation; and only slowly, partly through their quiet fidelity and patience, and partly through the improvement in John Vincent's worldly circumstances, was the balance changed. Old Reuben remained an unflinching despot to the last. If any relenting softness touched his heart, he sternly concealed it; and such inference as could be drawn from the fact that he, certainly knowing what would follow his death, bequeathed his daughter her proper share of his goods, was all that could be taken for consent.

They were married; John a grave man in middle age, weather-beaten and worn by years of hard work and self-denial, yet not beyond the restoration of a milder second youth; and Phebe a sad, weary woman, whose warmth of longing had been exhausted, from whose youth and its unreckoning surrender of hope and feeling had gone forever. They began their wedded life under the shadow of a death out of which it grew, and when, after a ceremony in which neither bridesmaid nor groomsman stood by their side, they united their divided homes, it seemed to their neighbors that a separated husband and wife had come together again, not that the relation was new to either.

John Vincent loved his wife with the tenderness of an innocent man, but all his tenderness could not avail to lift the weight of settled melancholy which had gathered upon her. Disappointment, waiting, yearning, indulgence in long lament and self pity, the morbid confession of unhappy fancies—all the bad wrought its work upon her, and it was too late to effect a cure. In the night she awoke to weep at his side, because of the years when she had answered to more than thy sighs, up her old habit of forebodings, although its reality steadily refuted the morning; and there were times when, with all appreciation, she would fall into a dark despairing mood, which her husband's greatest care and cunning could only slowly dispel.

Two or three years passed, and new life came to the Vincent farm. One day, between midnight and dawn, the family pair was doubled, the cry of twin sons was heard in the hushed house. The father restrained his happy wonder in his concern for the imperilled life of the mother; he guessed that she had anticipated death, and she now hung by a thread so light that her simple will might snap it. But her will, fortunately, was as faint as her consciousness; she gradually drifted out of danger, taking her returning strength with a passive acquiescence rather than with joy. She was hardly paler than her wont, but the lurking shadow seemed to have vanished from her eyes, and John Vincent felt that her features had assumed a new expression, and faintly perceptible stamp of some spiritual change.

It was a happy day for him when, propped against his breast, and gently held by his warm, strong arm, the twin boys were first brought to be laid upon her lap. Two staring, dark faced creatures, with restless fists and feet, they were alike in every least feature of their grotesque animality. Phebe placed a hand under the head of each, and looked at them a long time in silence.

"Why is this?" she said, at last, taking hold of a narrow pink ribbon, which was tied around the wrist of one.

"He's the oldest, sure," the nurse answered. "Only by fifteen minutes or so, but it generally makes a difference when twins come to be named; and you may see with your own eyes that there's no telling of 'em apart, otherways."

"Take off the ribbon, then," said Phebe, quietly; "I know them."

"Why, ma'am, it's always done, where they're so like! And I'll never be able to tell which is which; for they sleep and wake and feed by the same clock. And you might mistake after all, in giving 'em names—"

"There is no oldest or youngest, John; they are two and yet one, this is mine, and this is yours."

"I see no difference at all, Phebe," said John; "and how can we divide them?"

"We will not divide," she answered: "I only meant it as a sign."

She smiled, for the first time in many days. He was glad of heart, but did not understand her. "What shall we call them?" he asked. "Elias and Reuben, after our fathers?"

"No, John; their names must be David and Jonathan."

And so they were called. And they grew, not less, but more alike, in passing through the stages of babyhood. The ribbon of the elder one had been removed, and the nurse would have been distracted, but for Phebe's almost miraculous instinct. The former comforted herself with the hope that teething would bring a variation to the two identical mouths; but not they teethed as one child. John, after desperate attempts, which always failed in spite of the headaches they gave him, postponed the idea of distinguishing one from the other, until they should be old enough to develope some dissimilarity of speech, or gait, or habit. All trouble might have been avoided, had Phebe consented to the least variation in their dresses, but herein she was mildly immovable.

"Not yet," was her set reply to her husband; and one day, when he manifested a little annoyance at her persistence, she turned to him, holding a child on each knee, and said with a gravity which silenced him thenceforth: "John, can you not see that our burden has passed into them? Is there no meaning in this,—that two children who are one in body and face and nature, should be given to us at our time of life, after such long disappointment and trouble? Our lives were held apart; theirs were united before they were born, and I dare not turn them in different directions. Perhaps I do not know all that the Lord intended to say to us, in sending them; but His hand is here!"

"I was only thinking of their good," John meekly answered. "If they are spared to grow up there must be some way of knowing one from the other."

"*They* will not need it, and I too, think only of them. They have taken the cross from my heart, and I will lay none on theirs. I am reconciled to my life through them, John; you have been very patient and good with me, and I will yield to you in all things but in this. I do not think I shall live to see them as men grown; yet, while we are together, I feel clearly what it is right to do. Can you not, just once, have a little faith without knowledge, John?"

"I'll try, Phebe," he said. "Any way, I'll grant that the boys belong to you more than to me."

Phebe Vincent's character had verily changed. Her attacks of semi-hysterical despondency never returned; her gloomy prophecies ceased. She was still grave, and the trouble of so many years never wholly vanished from her face; but she performed every duty of her life with at least a quiet willingness, and her home became the abode of peace; for passive content wears longer than demonstrative happiness.

David and Jonathan grew as one boy; the taste and temper of one was repeated in the other, even as the voice and features. Sleeping or waking, grieved or joyous, well or ill, they lived a single life, and it seemed so natural for one to answer to the other's name, that they probably would have themselves confused their own identities but for their mother's unerring knowledge. Perhaps unconsciously guided by her, perhaps through the voluntary action of their own natures, each quietly took the other's place called upon, even to the sharing of praise or blame at school, the friendships and quarrels of the play ground. They were healthy and happy lads, and John Vincent was accustomed to say to his neighbors, "They're no more trouble than one would be, and yet they're four hands instead of two."

Phebe died when they were fourteen, saying to them with almost her latest breath, "Be one always!" Before her husband could decide whether to change her plan of domestic education, they were passing out of boyhood, changing in voice, manner, and character with a continued likeness which bewildered and almost terrified him. He procured garments of different colors, but they were accustomed to wear each article in common, and the result was only a mixture of toils for both. They were sent to different schools, to be returned the next day, equally pale, suffering, and inseparable of sleep. Whatever device was employed, they evaded it by a mutual instinct which rendered all external means more available. To John Vincent's mind their resemblance was an accident-

al misfortune, which had been confirmed through their mother's fancy. He felt that they were bound by some deep, mysterious tie, which inasmuch as it might interfere with all practical aspects of life, ought to be gradually weakened. Two bodies, to him, implied two distinct men, and it was wrong to permit a mutual dependence which prevented either from exercising his own separate will and judgment.

But, while he was planning and pondering, the boys became young men, and he was an old man. Old, and prematurely broken; for he had worked much, borne much, and his large frame held only a moderate measure of vital force. A great weariness fell upon him, and his powers began to give way, at first slowly but then with accelerated failure. He saw the end coming, long before his sons suspected it; his doubt, for their sakes, was the only thing which made it unwelcome. It was "upon his mind," (as the Quaker neighbors would say,) to speak to them of the future, and at last the proper moment came.

It was a stormy November evening.—Wind and rain whirled and drove among the trees outside, but the sitting room of the old farm house was bright and warm. David and Jonathan, at the table, with their arms over each other's backs, and their brown locks mixed together, read from the same book; their father sat in the ancient rocking chair before the fire, with his feet upon a stool. The housekeeper and the hired man had gone to bed, and all was still in the house.

John waited until he heard the volume closed, and then spoke.

"Boys," he said, "let me have a bit of talk with you. I don't seem to get over my ailments rightly,—never will, may be. A man must think of things while there's time, and say them, when they have to be said. I don't know as there's any particular hurry in my case; only, we never can tell, from one day to another. When I die, everything will belong to you two share and share alike, either to buy a farm with the money out, or divide this; I won't tie you up in any way. But two of you will need two farms for two families; for you won't have to wait twelve years, like your mother and me."

"We don't want another farm, father!" said David and Jonathan together.

"I know you don't think so now. A wife seemed far enough off from me, when I was your age. You've always been satisfied to be with each other, but that can't last. It was partly your mother's notion: I remember her saying that our burden had passed into you. I never quite understood what she meant, but I suppose it must rather be the opposite of what we had to bear.

The twins listened with breathless attention while their father, suddenly stirred by the past, told them the story of his long betrothal.

"And now," he exclaimed, in conclusion, "it may be putting wild ideas into your two heads, but I must say it! That was where I did wrong,—wrong to her and to me,—in waiting! I had no right to spoil the best of our lives; I ought to have gone boldly, in broad day, to her father's house, taken her by the hand, and led her forth to be my wife. Boys, if either of you comes to love a woman truly, and she to love you, and there is no reason why God (I don't say man) should put you asunder, do as I ought to have done, not as I did! And maybe, this advice is the best legacy I can leave you."

"But father," said David, speaking for both, "we have never thought of marrying."

"Likely enough," their father answered; "we hardly ever think of what surely comes. But to me, looking back, it's plain. And this is the reason why I want you to make me a promise, and as solemn as if I was on my death bed. Maybe I shall be, soon."

Tears gathered in the eyes of the twins. "What is it, father," they both said.

"Nothing at all to any other two boys, but I don't know how you'll take it. What if I was to ask you to live apart for a while?"

"O, father!" both cried. They leaned together, cheek pressing cheek, and hand clasping hand, growing white and trembling. John Vincent gazing into the fire did not see their faces, or his purpose might have been shaken.

"I don't say *now*," he went on. "After awhile, when—when I'm dead. And I only mean a beginning, to help you toward what *has* to be. Only a month. I don't want to seem hard to you; but that's little, in all conscience. Give me your word, say, 'For mother's sake!'"

There was a long pause. Then David and Jonathan said, in low, faltering voices, "For mother's sake, I promise."

"Remembering that you were only boys to her. She might have made all this seem easier, for women have reasons for things no man can answer. Mind, within a year after I'm gone!"

He rose, and tottered out of the room.

The twins looked at each other; David said, "Must we?" and Jonathan, "How can we?" Then they both thought, "It may be a long while yet." Here was a present comfort, and each seemed to hold it firmly in holding the hand of the other, as they fell asleep side by side.

The trial was nearer than they imagined. Their father died before the winter was over; the farm and other property was theirs, and they might have allowed life to solve its mysteries as it rolled onwards, but for their promise to the dead. This must be fulfilled, and then—one thing was certain; they would never again separate.

"The sooner the better," said David.—"It shall be a visit to our uncle and cousins in Indiana. You will come with me as far as Harrisburg; it may be easier to part there than here. And our new neighbors, the Bradleys, will want your help for a few days after getting home."

"It is less than death," Jonathan answered, "and why should it seem to be more? We must think of father and mother, and all those twelve years: now I know what the burden was."

"And we have never really borne any part of it! Father must have been right in forcing us to promise."

Every day the discussion was resumed, and always with the same termination. Familiarity with the inevitable step gave them increase of courage, yet, when the nearest had come and gone, when, speeding on opposite trains, the hills and valleys multiplied between them with terrific velocity, a pang like death cut to the heart of each, and he divided life became a chill, oppressive dream.

During the separation no letters passed between them. When the neighbors asked Jonathan for news of his brother, he always replied, "he is well," and avoided further speech with such evident pain that they spared him. An hour before the month drew to an end, he walked forth alone, taking the road to the nearest railway station. A stranger who passed him at the entrance of a thick wood, three miles from home, was thunderstruck on meeting the same person shortly after entering the wood from the other side; but the farmer in the near fields saw two figures issuing from the shade, hand in hand.

Each knew the other's month, before they slept, and the last thing Jonathan said, with his head on David's shoulder, was, "You must know our neighbors, the Bradleys, and especially Ruth." In the morning, as they dressed, taking each other's garments at random, as of old, Jonathan again said, "I have never seen a girl that I liked so well as Ruth Bradley. Do you remember what father said about loving and marrying? It comes into my mind whenever I see Ruth; but she has no sister."

"But we need not both marry," David replied, "that might part us, and this will not. It is for always now."

"For always, David."

Two or three days later Jonathan said, as he started on an errand to the village: "I shall stop at the Bradleys this evening, so you must walk across and meet me there."

When David approached the house, a slender, girlish figure, with her back towards him, was stooping over a bush of great crimson roses, cautiously clipping a blossom here and there. At the click of the gate latch she started and turned towards him. Her light gingham bonnet, falling back, disclosed a long, oval face, fair and delicate, sweet brown eyes, and brown hair laid smoothly over the temples. A soft flush rose suddenly to her cheeks, and he felt that his own were burning.

"O Jonathan!" she exclaimed transferring the roses to her left hand, and extending her right, as he came forward.

He was too accustomed to the name to recognize the mistake at once, and the word "Ruth!" came naturally to his lips.

"I should know your brother David has come," she then said, "even if I had not heard so. You look so bright. How glad I am."

"Is he not here?" David asked.

"No; but there he is now, surely!"—She turned towards the lane, where Jonathan was dismounting. "Why, it is yourself again, Jonathan!"

As they approached, a glance passed between the twins, and a secret transfer of the riding whip to David set their identity right with Ruth, whose manner towards the latter innocently became shy with all its friendliness, while her frank, familiar speech was given to Jonathan, as was fitting. But David also took the latter to himself, and when they left, Ruth had apparently forgotten that there was any difference in the length of their acquaintance.

On their way homeward David said:

"Father was right. We must marry, like others, and Ruth is the wife for us, I mean for you, Jonathan. Yes, we must learn to say *mine* and *yours*, after all, when we speak of her."

"Even she cannot separate us, it appears," Jonathan answered. "We must give her some sign, and that will also be a sign for others. It will seem strange to divide ourselves; we can never learn it properly; rather let us not think of marriage!"

"We cannot help thinking of it; she stands in mother's place now, and we in father's."

Then both became silent and thoughtful. They felt that something threatened to disturb what seemed to be the only possible life for them, yet were unable to distinguish its features, and therefore powerless to resist it. The same instinct which had been born of their wonderful spiritual likeness told them that Ruth Bailey already loved Jonathan; the duty was established, and they must conform their lives to it. There was, however, this slight difference between their natures,—that David was generally the first to utter the thought which came to the minds of both, so when he said "We shall learn what to do when the need comes," it was a postponement of all foreboding. They drifted contentedly towards the coming change.

The days went by, and their visits to Ruth Bradley were continued. Sometimes Jonathan went alone, but they were usually together, and the tie which united the three became dearer and sweeter as it was more closely drawn. Ruth learned to distinguish between the two when they were before her; at least she said so, and they were willing to believe it. But she was hardly aware how nearly alike was the happy warmth in her bosom produced by either pair of dark grey eyes and the soft half-smile that played round either mouth. To them she seemed to be drawn within the mystic circle which separated them from others,—she, alone; and they no no longer imagined a life in which she should not share.

Then the inevitable step was taken. Jonathan declared his love, and was answered. Alas! he almost forgot David that late summer evening, as they sat in the moonlight, and over and over again assured each other how dear they had grown. He felt the trouble in David's heart when they met.

"Ruth is ours, and I bring her kiss to you," he said, pressing his lips to David's; but the arms flung around him trembled, and David whispered, "Now the change begins."

"O, this cannot be our burden!" Jonathan cried, with all the rapture still warm in his heart.

"It it is, it will be light, or heavy, or none at all, as we shall bear it," David answered, with a ripple of indistinct weariness.

For several days he allowed Jonathan to visit the Bradley farm alone, saying that it must be so, on Ruth's account.—His love he declared, must give her the fine instinct which their mother had ever possessed, and he must allow it time to be confirmed. Jonathan, however, insisted that Ruth possessed it; that she was beginning to wonder at his absence, and to fear that she would not be entirely welcome to the home which must always be equally his.

David yielded at once.

"You must go alone," said Jonathan, "to satisfy yourself that she knows us at last."

Ruth came forth from the house as he drew near. Her face beaming, she laid her hands upon his shoulders and kissed him.

"Now you cannot doubt me, Ruth!" he said, gently.

"David you, Jonathan!" she exclaimed, with a fond reproach in her eyes. "Has you look troubled, or anything the matter?"

"I was thinking of my brother," said David, in a low tone.

"Tell me what it is," she said, drawing him into the little arbor of woodbine near the gate. They took seats, side by side, on the rustic bench. "He thinks I may come between you; is it not that?" she asked.

Only one thing was clear to David's mind—that she would surely speak more freely of him to the supposed Jonathan than to his real self. This once he would permit the illusion.

"Not more than must be," he answered. "He knew all, from the very beginning. But we have been like one person in two bodies, and any change seems to divide us."

"I feel that as you do," said Ruth. "I would never consent to be your wife, if I really could divide you. I love you both too well for that."

"Do you love me?" he asked, entirely forgetting his representative part.

Again the reproachful look, which faded away as she met his eyes. She fell upon his breast, and gave him kisses which were answered with equal tenderness. Suddenly he covered his face with his hands, and burst into a passion of tears.

"Jonathan! O, Jonathan!" she cried, weeping with alarm and sympathetic pain.

It was not long before he could speak; but at last, turning away his head, he faltered, "I am David!"

There was a long silence.

When he looked up she was sitting with her hands rigidly clasped in her lap; her face was very pale.

"There it is, Ruth," he said; "we are one heart and one soul. Could he love, and not I? You cannot decide between us, for one is the other. If I had known you first, Jonathan would be now in my place. What follows, then?"

"No marriage," she whispered.

"No!" he answered; "we brothers must learn to be two men instead of one. You will partly take my place with Jonathan; I must live with half my life, unless I can find somewhere in the world, your other half."

"I cannot part you, David!"

"Something stronger than you or me parts us, Ruth. If it were death, we should bow to God's will; well, it can no more be got away from than death or judgment. Say no more; the pattern of all this was drawn long before we were born, and we cannot do anything but work it out."

He rose and stood before her. "Remember this, Ruth," he said; "it is no blame in us to love each other. Jonathan will see the truth in my face when we meet, and I speak for him also. You will not see me again until your wedding day, and then no more afterwards—but, yes! *once*, in some far off time, when you shall know me to be David, and still give me the kiss you gave to day."

"Ah, after death!" she thought. "I have parted them forever." She was about to rise, but fell upon the seat again, fainting. At the same moment Jonathan appeared at David's side.

No word was said. They bore her forth and supported her between them until the fresh breeze had restored her to consciousness. Her first glance rested on the brother's hands, clasping then, looking from one to the other, she saw that the cheeks of both were wet.

"Now leave me," she said," but come to-morrow, Jonathan!" Even then she turned from one to the other with a painful, touching uncertainty, and stretched out both hands to them in farewell.

How that poor twin heart struggled with itself is only known to God. All human voices, and, as they believed, also the Divine Voice, commanded the division of their interwoven life. Submission would have seemed easier, could they have taken up equal and similar burdens, but David was unable to deny his pack was over weighed. For the first time their thoughts began to diverge.

At last David said: "For mother's sake, Jonathan, as we promised. She always called you her child. And for Ruth's sake and father's last advice, they all tell me what I must do."

It was like the struggle between will and desire in the same nature, and none the less fierce or prolonged because the softer quality forsaw its ultimate surrender. Long after he felt the step to be inevitable, Jonathan sought to postpone it, but he was borne by all combined influences nearer and nearer to the time.

And now the wedding day came.—David was to leave home the same evening, after the family dinner under his father's roof. In the morning he said to Jonathan: "I shall not write until I feel that I have become other than now, but I shall always be here, in you, as you will be in me, everywhere. Wherever you want me, I shall know it, and I think I shall know when to return."

The hearts of all the people went out towards them as they stood together in the little village church. Both were calm, but very pale and abstracted in their expression, yet their marvellous likeness was still unchanged. Ruth's eyes were cast down, so they could not be seen; she trembled visibly, and her voice was scarcely audible when she spoke the vow. It was only known in the neighborhood that David was going to make another journey. The truth could hardly have been guessed by persons whose ideas followed the narrow round of their own experiences; had it been, there would probably have been more condemnation than sympathy. But in a vague way the presence of some deeper element was felt,—the falling of a shadow, although the outstretched wing was unseen. Far above them, and above the shadow, watched the Infinite Pity, which was not denied to three hearts that day.

It was a long time, more than a year, and Ruth was living her first child on her bosom, before a letter came from David. He had wandered westwards, purchased some lands on the outer line of settlement, and appeared to be leading a wild and lonely life. "I know now," he wrote, "just how much there is to bear, and how to bear it. Strange men come between us, but you are not far off when I am alone on these plains. There is a place where I can always meet you, and I know that you have found it,—under the big ash tree by the barn. I think I am nearly always there about sundown, and on moonshiny nights, because we are there nearest together, and I never sleep without leaving you half my basket. When I first begin to wake, I always feel your breath, as we are never really parted for long. I do not know that I can change mine; it is not easy; it is like making up your mind to have a different colored eye and hair, and I can only get sunburnt and wear a full beard. But we are hardly as unhappy as we feel, to be; neither came the other night, in a dream, and took us on her knees. O, come to me, Jonathan, but for one day! No, you will not find me; I am going across the plains!"

And Jonathan and Ruth? They loved each other tenderly; no external trouble visited them; their home was peaceful and pure; and yet, every room and stairway and chair was haunted by a sorrowful ghost. As a neighbor said after visiting them. "There seemed to be something lost." Ruth saw how consciously and unconsciously Jonathan turned to see his own every feeling reflected in the missing eyes: how his hand sought another, even while its fellow pressed hers; how half-spoken words, day and night, died upon his lips, because they could not reach the twin-ear. She knew not how it came, but her own nature took upon itself the same habit. She felt that she received a less measure of love than she gave—not from Jonathan, in whose whole, warm, transparent heart no other woman had ever looked, but something of her own passed beyond him and never returned. To both their life was like one of those conjurer's cups, seemingly filled with red wine, which is held from the lips by the false crystal hollow.

Neither spoke of this; neither dared to speak. The years dragged out their slow length, with rare and brief messages from David. Three children were in the house, and still peace and plenty laid their signs upon its lintels. But at last Ruth, who had been growing thinner and paler ever since the birth of her first boy, became seriously ill. Consumption was hers by inheritance, and it now manifested itself in a form which too surely foretold the result. After the physician had gone, leaving his fatal verdict behind him, she called to Jonathan, who, be wildered by his grief, sank down on his knees at her bedside and sobbed upon her breast.

"Don't grieve," she said; "this is my share of the burden. If I have taken too much from you and David, now comes the atonement. Many things have grown clear to me. David was right when he said that there was no blame. But my time is even less than the doctor thinks: where is David? Can you bid him come?"

"I can only call him with my heart," he answered. "And will he hear me now, after nearly seven years!"

"Call, then!" she eagerly cried. "Call with all the strength of your love for him and for me, and I believe he will hear you!"

The sun was just setting. Jonathan went to the great ash tree, behind the barn, fell upon his knees, and covered his face, and the sense of an exceeding bitter cry filled his heart. All the suppressed and baffled longing, the want, the hunger, the unremitting pain of years, came upon him and were crowded into the single prayer, "Come, David, or I die!" Before the twilight faded, while he was still kneeling, an arm came upon his shoulder, and the faint touch of another cheek upon his own. It was hardly for the space of a thought, but he knew the sign.

"David will come!" he said to Ruth.

From that day, all was changed. The cloud of coming death which hung over the house was transmuted into fleecy gold. All the lost life came back to Jonathan's face; all the unrestful sweetness of Ruth's brightened into a serene beatitude. Months had passed since David had been heard from; they knew not how to reach him without many delays; yet neither dreamed of doubting his coming.

Two weeks passed, three, and there was neither word nor sign. Jonathan and Ruth thought, "He is near," and one day a singular unrest fell upon the former. Ruth saw it, but said nothing until night came, when she sent Jonathan from her bedside with the words, "Go and meet him."

An hour afterwards she heard double steps on the stone walk in front of the house. They came slowly to the door; it opened, she heard them along the hall and ascending the stairs; then the chamber lamp showed her the two faces, bright with a single, unutterable joy.

One brother paused at the foot of the bed, the other drew near and bent over her. She clasped her thin hands around his neck, kissed him fondly, and cried "Dear, dear David!"

"Dear Ruth," he said, "I came as soon as I could. I was far away among wild mountains, when I felt that Jonathan was calling me. I knew that I must return, never to leave you more, and there was still a little work to finish. Now we shall all live again!"

"Yes," said Jonathan, coming to her other side, "try to live, Ruth."

Her voice came clear, strong, and full of authority. "I do live, as never before. I shall take all my life with me when I go to wait for the one soul, as I shall find it there! Our love unites, nor divides, from this hour!"

The few weeks still left to her were a season of almost superhuman peace. She faded slowly and painlessly, taking the equal love of the twin-hearts and giving an equal tenderness and gratitude. Then first she saw the mysterious need which united them, the fullness and joy wherewith each completed himself in the other. All the imperfect part was enlightened, and the end, even that now so near, was very good.

Every afternoon they carried her down to a cushioned chair on the veranda, where she could enjoy the quiet of the sunny landscape, the presence of the brothers seated at her feet, and the sports of her children on the grass. Thus, one day, while David and Jonathan held her hands and waited for her to wake from a happy sleep, she went before them, and, ere they guessed the truth, she was waiting for their one soul in the undiscovered land.

And Jonathan's children, now growing into manhood and girlhood, also call David "father." The marks left by their divided lives have long since vanished from their faces; the middle aged men, whose hairs are turning gray, still walk hand in hand, still sleep upon the same pillow, still have their common wardrobe, as when they were boys. They talk of "our Ruth" with no sadness, for they believe that death will soon bring them one, when, at the same moment, he summons both. And we who know them as whom they have confided the trembling mysteries of their nature, believe so too.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

The Secretary of a Masonic Lodge in Rockingham, Va., was recently ordered to produce in court the book in which the members of the lodge were kept. He refused, and was threatened with imprisonment for contempt. Finally after a long argument he went to the attorneys, they agreed to accept an attested copy of the minutes, and the necessary was removed.

THE JAMESTOWN MYSTERY

One of the Most Remarkable Murder Trials on Record.

Another Webster-Parkman Case.

(Correspondence New York World.)

JAMESTOWN, Sept. 28.—One of the most remarkable cases in the annals of American jurisprudence has recently been brought to light in this village, ordinarily so quiet and devoid of interest to the outside world. On the fifteenth day of last August a Mr. Bachmann, a German, visited the town, and a short time afterward unaccountably disappeared, the supposition remaining awhile with the villagers that he had come and gone as many other men had done, but soon afterward a suspicion arose that he had been murdered. He seemed to be an amiable sort of a fellow, and no harm was ever suspected of him. He lounged about the town, and behaved himself in the most amiable way. Suddenly he disappeared, and certain circumstances hinted at the supposition that he had been murdered, and murdered in the most horrible way. It was thought that he had been thrown into a fiery furnace like the three Hebrew children of old, but unlike them, had not escaped the effects of the fire. It was believed at the time that he was in possession of a large sum of money, and facts since discovered tend to show that that surmise was correct.

From the day on which he disappeared the most intense excitement prevailed in the village. In the grocery stores, on the corners, nothing was talked of but this mysterious disappearance. The men who had charge of the means of egress from the town were sagely interrogated, but they had nothing to tell on the subject; they had seen Bachmann enter the village, but they had never seen him leave it. Curiosity and anxiety were on tip-toe, but nothing could be learned. It was known that the man had visited Charles Marlow's brewery, and that the last that was seen of him he was seen at that place. Public opinion set strongly against the proprietor of this brewery; so strongly, indeed, that he was indicted for the murder of Bachmann, and yesterday was brought to trial.

Marlow is a man of the most ordinary appearance—of medium height, slender, and closely shaved. He has been known here for years as an upright man, and one of the last to be suspected of the crime with which he is charged—murder in the first degree. He appeared in the crowded court room without a shade of fear on his face, and most perfectly self-possessed. The District Attorney and the Hon. L. Morris conducted the prosecution, and the Hon. Peter Sheldon and C. R. Lockwood appeared for the defense. Valentine Bukowski was the principal witness called by the prosecution, and he testified that being employed at the brewery at the time of Bachmann's appearance in the village, he slept with the missing man on the night of August 15. On the next morning the deceased went out with Benkowski's employer, who on going out told the witness that his guest had $6,000 in his possession. When the two returned, they entered the brewhouse, where they remained for a time, and then went into the beer-room. Since that moment the witness had not seen Bachmann. On the next morning he had occasion to go into the cellar, where he noticed blood upon the stones. He "scooped up" some of it in his hand, and knew that it was blood because it smelled like blood. About two months afterwards he gave his employer notice that he was about to leave him, and when asked "if he knew anything," said "no." Before this, however, ashes had been raked from the furnace, and among them were found—as doctors testified—human bones, and Professor Armstrong, having analyzed the blood found in the building, testified that he "believed" it to be human—a point on which he should not have been in doubt.

But now comes the most singular turn in this most mysterious affair. The counsel for the accused admitted that Bachmann had been murdered, but not by the accused—by his old mother-in-law, Julia Ortman. The counsel, C. R. Lockwood, said in his speech things that were afterwards shown to be true by the old lady herself, who swore that while Benkowski was at work, Bachmann going through the brewery, met her daughter and made a brutal assault upon her. She (Mrs. Ortman) heard the noise and ran to Mrs. Marlow's assistance. She found that lady almost exhausted by her exertions to defeat Bachmann's purpose, and seized the ruffian by the collar. He turned upon her and she struck him with a hammer so forcibly that he fell to the ground and never rose again. Then the two women set about to bury him, and came to the conclusion that the best way to dispose of the body would be to put it into the furnace and burn it. So they carried it up stairs and thrust it head first into the fire upon the live coals. Then they put wood upon him, and he made a fine, sizzling fire. She had said nothing about the matter before she was sworn.

After this evidence there was little to be done. During the old woman's testimony the most intense and breathless excitement prevailed throughout the court room. The character of the accused was such as would not for a moment bear suspicion, and yet the story of the old lady was not thoroughly believed. She was have told it to shield her daughter and son-in-law from the law, and no sufficient evidence in regard to the $6000 was given. The judge summed up the evidence and the court adjourned. By no means have all things yet been made clear, and the public will await the result with intense interest.

John Visey, of Dover, Del., died suddenly Friday, and intelligence was sent to his daughter at Wilmington, summoning her to the funeral. The reply came that the daughter had also died suddenly that day. The daughter owned property in Wilmington which she had willed to her father, and the latter owned property in Dover which he had willed to his daughter.

The Amherst *Standard* is responsible for the following: "One of our subscribers has devised a new way of telling bad news. He writes home to his father, 'I cannot stop long with you this time, as I have work.' And as a matter of fact that is the last they hear of the money was not lost, and would be here 'how soon.' By return mail came the news of the death of the dear child.

Weekly Toledo Blade.

A. F. MILLER. D. R. LOCKE. J. P. JONES.

MILLER, LOCKE & Co., Proprietors.

TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, SEPT. 28, 1871.

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SEC'Y BOUTWELL'S CLEVELAND SPEECH.

Mr. BOUTWELL, agreeably to the intimation given in his Cincinnati speech's on last evening discussed the objections offered by the Democratic party to the constitutional amendment, the national banking system, and the tariff laws, before a large audience in the city of Cleveland. The Secretary gave the substance of the amendments for which the Republican party is responsible, and showed that there was nothing in them opposed to the principles of justice and sound policy. He showed that they had been regularly and validly adopted by the requisite number of States, and that every one of them was warranted by the exigencies of the times, as well as the demands of justice and humanity. He asked whether, in view of the evident hostility of the Democracy to these amendments, as manifested by their constantly quibbling and finding fault with them, is it wise or safe to intrust the power of the nation again into the hands of that party?

The argument of the Secretary on the national banks is well condensed in the following extract which we make from the telegraphic account of his remarks:

The tenth resolution of the Ohio Democratic Convention declares that the banking system of the country is unconstitutional, oppressive and extortionate. I do not propose to consider in detail the validity of these charges, although I have no idea that the constitutionality of the system will ever be seriously debated, either before the people or in any court of law; and the other points are not important in the view I am now taking. During the war the National Banks were of great service to the country, and since the return of peace they have been an essential aid to the Treasury Department. It is true that the banks generally have been prosperous, realizing large dividends upon the capital employed, and it is also true that the power of Congress may be properly applied so as to secure a reduction of such profits with advantage to the Treasury and to the people of the country. But this is an important consideration, as the subject can be easily understood and wisely managed by Congress. It ought to be said, however, that the banks of the country, without compulsion, have taken about one hundred millions of the one hundred and fifty millions of the new five per cent bonds, and surrendered an equal amount of bonds bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. I suppose it to be cold that the banks have furnished a better paper currency than the country has had for possession, with the exception of United States notes, and as good, I believe, as could be found in any other country in the world. It should also be borne in mind that the banks are made responsible and the people secured by the ability of the banks to redeem their notes when they are presented, to protect which the banks have millions of dollars of United States bonds deposited with the Treasurer of the United States. Under the circumstances, I do not believe that the people will consent to withdraw the power of issuing currency from the banks, and thereby compel the people to use a currency which would be subject to fluctuations in value, and which would be inconvenient in use. The banks have been prosperous, and they have been useful, and I do not believe that the people will consent to withdraw the power of issuing currency from the banks, and thereby compel the people to use a currency which would be subject to fluctuations in value, and which would be inconvenient in use.

this: to regulate and control them by legislation, so that their profits shall correspond to the ordinary profits of business dependent upon investments or use of capital. Next, that the system shall be extended only so far as may be essential to the business interests of the country. It must be admitted that there is ground for argument in favor of the use of United States notes as a basis against National Bank notes. But I believe a thorough examination of the whole subject leads to the conclusion that the banking system should be extended only as its extension may be demanded by the growth of business in the country, and that the proportion of United States notes should be as great as possible, due deference being made to the interests of business, in the extension of the banking system.

The Secretary showed that in the present condition of the country it was idle to talk about free trade. The necessities of the country required a tariff for revenue. All theories aside, we have the fact that the vast mechanical and manufacturing interests of the country have been built up by the legislation of the past ten years on the tariff. The country is prosperous, and the system is one which we cannot suddenly change, if we would. What can be done and what ought to be done is to readjust the tariff system, making such changes, and removing such objectionable features as may seem necessary. The officers of the Treasury Department are now engaged in revising the list of articles with a view to such revision. The difference between the parties on the tariff question is discussed as follows:

The line which marks the difference between the Democratic and Republican parties on the subject of tariff is perfectly clear. In the resolutions adopted by the Democratic convention which I have already read, the only result aimed at is the collection of the largest amount of revenue from each imported article, without reference to the effect which may be produced upon the business of the country by the rate of duty fixed. Apply this principle, for example, to iron. Assume that foreign pig iron, free of duty, may be delivered at Cleveland with a reasonable profit to the manufacturer, and cost of transportation paid, at $20 per ton. Assume also, that the cost of manufacturing pig iron in this country and delivering it at Cleveland would be $65 per ton. In order that the largest amount of revenue should be derived from duties on pig iron, it would be essential to place the duty just at that point which would prevent the manufacture and sale of domestic iron, for every ton of domestic iron manufactured and sold would, under the circumstances, diminish the revenue just to the extent of duty which otherwise might have been collected upon it, if it had been imported from another country. The Democratic party would therefore place the duty at $4 or $4 50 per ton, just low enough to prevent manufacture in the United States, and high enough to secure the largest revenue upon the import article. The duty being thus fixed, the manufacture of domestic iron must cease, or the cost of producing it must be diminished. The manufacturer will not for any length of time waste his capital in attempting to compete with the foreign manufacturer. Whatever else may happen, the domestic manufacturer will seek to preserve his capital. His only recourse is to reduce the wages of the laborer. The effect, therefore, of this policy is to bring the pressure of the competition between the manufacture of the domestic article and the manufacture of the foreign article directly upon the laborers engaged in the manufacture of domestic iron. If they yield to the domestic manufacturer to such an extent that he can compete with the importer, the policy marked out by the Democratic party would lead to a further reduction of duty, because every ton manufactured in the United States diminishes the revenue just to the extent of the duty which might have been collected upon the imported articles. The result of this policy is that the laborers in the manufacture of iron would find their wages curtailed, and they would finally be obliged to seek employment elsewhere.

We beg of the laboring men of the country to ponder the plain and truthful statement of what the effect of carrying out Democratic ideas on the tariff would be. The following paragraph certainly announces a doctrine on this subject which should command the assent of all reasonable men:

Upon the same state of facts as to the cost of imported and domestic iron, the policy of the Republican party would be to fix the duty at such a rate, something of course, greater than the difference between the cost of the foreign and the domestic article, as would enable the domestic manufacturer to pay fair wages and obtain a fair remuneration for his capital invested; and when, by domestic competition or by improvements in machinery or diminished cost of raw material, the difference between the actual cost of the foreign article and the domestic article should be reduced, the duty on the foreign article would be proportionately reduced also. In fine, it may be said that, without committing ourselves upon abstract questions of protection and free trade, we are disposed to deal with the existing interests of the country in such a manner as not to peril our manufactures and mechanic arts, nor, on the other hand, by excessive duties to give them advantages over other forms of industry.

Mr. BOUTWELL referred to several minor matters of policy and pointed to the general prosperity of the country as a proof of the wisdom with which the policy of the administration has been characterized. In concluding, the speaker stated three propositions which he considered at this time essential to be carried into effect, in order to the welfare of the Government and people of the United States, as follows:

1st. Provide for public education, and without fear meet, discuss and settle every question of business, labor and government.

2. Maintain the constitutional amendments and secure legislation calculated to make the guarantees effective for all.

3d. Preserve the public faith as becomes a great nation, which must answer to itself and the world in every generation and every age, for what it now does.

In England the Cabinet ministers appear in Parliament and answer questions put to them by the members of the same. Secretaries DELANO and BOUTWELL have inaugurated an American plan of appearing directly before the people to argue the rectitude and wisdom of the general course of the Administration with which they are connected. The plan works well, and the friends of good government are under obligations to both these able and distinguished gentlemen for their very successful statements and arguments.

WORK FOR THE TICKET.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* appeals to the Republicans of Hamilton county to unite with a hearty unanimity on all the regular nominees of the party for the General Assembly. There is a world of truth in the following paragraph in reference to the quiet activity which characterizes the electioneering of the Democracy. The work of that party will all be concentrated against the Legislative ticket. Let no Republicans be guilty of trading off his vote for any legislative candidate for a Democratic vote for the State ticket. Our State ticket is no danger whatever. But on it will be spared by the Democrats in any county to defeat our legislative ticket. The *Gazette* says:

It is very certain that there is danger that the Democratic party, by a large vote, will be able to elect a majority of the Legislature, and thus secure a Senator to succeed Allen G. Thurman. The Democrats are not doing much work in this county, at least that is open work, but they are working in the interest of their ticket. There is where the danger comes from

Correspondence.

WASHINGTON Sept. 30, 1871.

The bitterness and malignancy of the opposition press towards President Grant, and Mr. Boutwell, and Mr. Delano, *et al*, seem to many persons to be altogether unusual and without a parallel in the history of the times. But, unfortunately, abuse is an ordeal through which all public men have to pass, and no character, however unsullied or pure, can secure an exemption.

Mr. Jefferson was one of best abused men of his time, and all manner of corruptions were charged upon him; but history sets him forth as one of the purest and most upright statesmen that the country has produced. Gen. Jackson was probably assailed with more malignity than any other public man since Mr. Jefferson; but no one now thinks of him other than as a model of purity and integrity.

The child who drinks in from youth to manhood ideas of the greatness and glory of him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," little dreams of the base slanders that were circulated against him incessantly by the press, and the gross assaults which were made on him in Congress, some of which touched him to the quick. The opposition newspaper, the *Aurora*, on his retirement, declared that he would henceforth rank among the humblest citizens of the republic, and his name be associated with failure and disgrace. It is curious, too, that one of the standing causes of abuse was then, as now, the absence of the President and certain Cabinet officers from the seat of government. When lying becomes a system and a profession, it "goes into one ear and out of the other."

But it is harder to lie down this Administration than any within our remembrance, because its record is so splendid and it has achieved so much. Mr. Boutwell, who is in favor of mastering unequivocally our great public debt and keeping our payments to about 50 millions a year, tells us, in his Cincinnati speech that, although the taxes were reduced by the last Congress over 80 millions, yet such is our financial condition now that they may be nearly reduced some 30 millions more. An Administration which can do that; which can preserve peace with the Indian tribes; which can bring back a fraternal policy towards England and can carry peace and prosperity into the rebel states, can stand a good deal of lying, and when smitten on one cheek can pretty safely turn the other, also.

The "new departure" of the great whipper in of the old Whig party, and the new Republican party rather astonished some of the faithful in these parts. For full forty years Horace Greeley has been before the public as a journalist; and if there is any thing for which he has been specially noted, it is his zeal against bolters; and it was therefore a novelty to see him heading, as it seemed, a party *emeute*. But a different face is put on the affair by the course taken in yesterday's *Tribune*, and our faith in Horace is re-assured.

To those who are outside it is not easy to fathom the depths of New York politics. The truth seems to be that they have just now, an unusual number of selfish and ambitious leaders, who are willing to sacrifice everything for personal prominence. The *Tribune* kicks at the action of the Convention, but generously resolves to swallow its spittle and stand faithfully by the old colors. We cannot help admiring the spirit of fidelity that crops out in the white-coated philosopher in spite of the indignities which he claims have been heaped on him and his friends.

While the ambitious politicians of New York are daring to peril their great advantages, and pressing the Republican party to the verge of a rupture, the old mother of States and of statesmen, emancipated Virginia, is steadily working to redeem herself from a similar mistake. The late convention at Richmond was not a nominating convention, and the election in November is not for State officers. But the reports which were brought in from different localities indicate the best feeling among the Republican masses, and a general determination to carry the State next year at the Presidential election. There is no one thought of or spoken of but Grant, and he is evidently growing in favor with the people every day.

John Quincy Adams, in accepting the Democratic nomination for Governor in Mass., has shown something of the good sense which has generally been accorded to his ancestors. In relation to the "new departure" he is for accepting without mental reservation "those amendments as the final settlement and pacification of the civil war, and then to turn resolutely away from the irritating and painful memories of the past to the pressing duties of the future."

If the Democratic party had done that a few years ago they would not now be in such utter disgrace, both in the North and in the South. But the matter is that they did not do it then and cannot do it now.

The speeches of Mr. Boutwell in Ohio are promptly published here and are clear and compact statements of Republican aims and achievements which will do good wherever they are spoken or read.

Reports reach Washington that there are sharp antagonisms in Ohio, regarding the Senatorship, and that the friends of the different candidacies are pushing the canvass to extremes. I trust that all such reports are exaggerated, for while we glory in our great men it is quite possible that they may prove to be our misfortune.

We are glad to hear that the President is on his way home. When he arrives he will find his subordinates generally at their posts.

There are rumors of another defalcation, but the particulars are not stated. The pay department of the army seems to be in a bad way. BUCKEYE.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 2.—Last Saturday, near Paoli, Indiana, Prof. Wilbur made arrangements for a balloon ascension. He was to be accompanied by Geo. H. Knapp, editor of the Orange County Union. Just as they were about getting into the balloon the cords gave way and they made a spring for the car, but only succeeded in grasping the ropes. As the balloon rose, Knapp let go and fell from a height of about thirty feet, without serious injury. Prof. Wilbur held on and attempted to climb into the basket, but was unable to do so, and the balloon shot up rapidly with the utmost edging below. The spectators were thrilled with horror at the terrible scene, which ended in a dreadful manner. At a height of about one mile, the doomed man loosed his hold and came whirling to the earth. At the height he had attained, he looked like a small stick about a foot long. As he approached the earth he was coming down feet foremost, then spread out horizontally, then doubled up and turned over, then straightened out head downward as he struck the earth. He fell up on his head. His head was smashed in an indistinguishable mass, and the body bruised and crushed horribly. The concussion was so great that half a gallon of clotted blood was thrown from his mouth. The body made an indent one into the ground eight inches deep and rebounded about four feet from where it struck. To add to the pathos character of the accident, the Professor's young wife and little girl were on the ground and witnessed the terrible affair. The remains of the unfortunate man were properly cared for and buried at Paoli yesterday.

CHICAGO, Oct. 2.—Mrs. Hobson, a married woman of Quincy, was murdered to-day by an abortionist named Dr. Parks.

CHICAGO, Oct. 2.—A letter from Oconto, Wis., says fierce and disastrous fires are prevailing in the lumber regions in that vicinity. It is reported that the people of Peshtigo expect to be driven from the town. Holmes shingle mill at Pensaukee, several barns and a slaughter house and immense quantities of wood, hay and rails have been burned. The loss is very heavy.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Oct. 2.—About three o'clock this afternoon fifty convicts at Sing Sing prison took the propeller Hugh Battan, belonging to contractor Walker, and tried to escape, but Captain Ward let go his anchor, and stopped the boat. The guards fired about 30 shots, but did no harm. Officers from the prison went out in boats and brought them back, and they are now locked up.

LEAVENWORTH, Ks., Oct. 2.—Late advices from Indian Territory report serious depredations by the Kiowa Indians in the vicinity of Fort Sill. A number of men were recently killed and scalped within a few miles of that fort. Two herders were shot a few days ago within sight of the fort, and their bodies mutilated beyond recognition.

SALT LAKE, Oct. 2.—Brigham Young was arrested at 4 o'clock P. M. on the indictment of the Grand Jury, charging him, under the Utah statute, with lewdly and licentiously cohabiting with sixteen different women. The arrest was made by United States Marshal Patrick, at the residence of Young. Owing to sickness of the prisoner, he was allowed to remain at his house to night, in charge of a Deputy Marshal. He will be taken before Judge McKean to-morrow. The penalty of conviction of this charge, is imprisonment not over ten years nor less than six months, and a fine not over $1,000 nor less than $100.

Rumors of trouble and outbreak of the Mormons are not to be credited. Besides the assurance of the Mormon leaders that all the processes of the courts will be obeyed, Gov. Woods has made every preparation for the emergency, and he will maintain the law at any cost. Another company of United States troops from Fort Bridger, arrived to-night.

It is reported, and generally believed, that indictments have been found against Brigham Young for murder.

OMAHA, Oct. 2.—Two companies from Fort Steele and one from Fort Bridger, have been ordered to Camp Douglass, near Salt Lake City, as a reinforcement of the troops already there.

Brigham Young has not yet been arrested, although it was expected he would be arrested for alleged complicity in the Mountain Meadow massacre of many years ago. The Mormon Conference meets on the 6th, and the indictments will probably be held until after that time. It is expected the Grand Jury will now adjourn for three days, as they have already given the Court sufficient work to keep them busy for that length of time.

SALT LAKE, Oct. 3.—Brigham Young was too ill to appear in court this morning, and his arraignment was therefore postponed. He remains at his residence, in custody of a United States Deputy Marshal. The arrest has created some sensation, but no popular excitement.

Gen. Henry A. Morris, formerly in command here, arrived last night under orders to report at Camp Douglass. He was welcomed on the streets to-day enthusiastically.

In court this morning the counsel for Brigham Young, having stated that he was sick and unable to appear, moved that he be admitted to bail. Judge McKean said if the prisoner was sick, he might remain in his house unguarded for he present, but that the motion to admit him to bail could not be entertained until the prisoner appear at the bar of the court.

In the Hawkins case a motion was made to quash the indictment, but it was overruled and time granted to file a plea in abatement.

All quiet and no indication of trouble. Daniel H. Wells, Mayor of Salt Lake City, and third President of the Mormon Church, was arrested this afternoon by United States Marshal Patrick, upon an indictment of the Grand Jury charging him, under the Utah statute, with lewdly and lasciviously cohabiting with one Louisa Free, whom he claims as one of his wives. The accused was taken before Judge McKean and held to bail in $7,000 to answer at the present term of court. In this case, as in that of Brigham Young on a similar charge, Major Charles H. Helmsted and Hon. Tom Fitch are counsel for the defense.

A Jackson, Tenn., correspondent says that on Sunday afternoon, a man named Sutton, who was to fight a duel with a man named Morgan, became intoxicated and shot a young man named Whitney, who procured a shot gun, and shot Sutton, killing him instantly. The other barrel of the gun was discharged accidentally and wounded a passenger in an omnibus.

The trial of Madam Van Brakirk in Brooklyn Tuesday, on the charge of causing the death of Emily A. Fost, resulted in a disagreement of the jury, and the accused was admitted to bail pending a new trial.

WASHINGTON, October 3.—A telegram from North Carolina says, Judge Bond refused yesterday, to continue the Ku Klux cases. Pinto Deerban continued his on affidavit, and plead guilty yesterday. Judgment will be prayed for in the cases.

Both the Republican and Democratic Congressional Committees are sending immense supplies of political documents to Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, with a view to influence the coming elections.

There were 16 deaths in New Orleans last week, and only one from yellow fever, and that one a man from Natchez.

About 100 Apaches from Fort Sill, who have never been on a reservation, are said to want to go on one and stop raiding. They will be accommodated.

The superintendent of the General Recruiting Service, has been directed to send one hundred recruits to Fort Snelling, Minn., for assignment to the 20th Infantry.

The small-pox is increasing in Brooklyn. A yellow flag has been placed in front of each building where the disease exists, and attention given to cleanliness and proper means to prevent further spread.

The international money order system between the United States and England goes into operation to-day. Remittances can also be made by international money orders via Switzerland to all principal towns and cities of Austria, Hungary, Spain, Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Turkey, Greece, the East Indies and China.

The Commissioner of the General Land Office has reserved for patenting cash entries covering the following town sites in the Territory of Utah: Kaysville, Springville, Alcorn, Fork City, Beaver, Centreville, Santa Quin, Cedar, Fort Payson City, Moon, Ephraim City, Neplio and Levan. These towns contain populations varying from 200 to 1 000 persons and cover areas from 100 to 1 500 acres each.

John H. Bacon Jr., as treasurer of the New York & Boston Express Company, has begun suit against Wm. B. Hladman, as President of the Adams Express Company. The object of the suit is to enjoin the Adams Express Company from neglecting and refusing to receive and forward express matter of the New York & Boston Express Company upon the same terms that it (the Adams Company) usually charges other express companies or individuals.

HARTFORD, Conn., Oc ober 3.—In the town election held to-day, the Republicans won a great victory, electing A. S Sullman over F. A. March, the first selectman, by a majority of 864. There was only one Democrat elected. Levi Woodhouse, town clerk, received a majority of 191; John Finney, Collector, 21 majority; one Grand Juror, and all the rest of the officers chosen were Republicans, by a majority of from 300 to 400. New Britain, West Hartford, Vernon and Weathersford, also go Republican.

CHICAGO, Oct. 4.—The Journal says that President Grant, in conversation with friends, while here, said very emphatically that to his knowledge, the charges in the N. Y. Tribune against Collector Murphy are without foundation, and that he sees no reason for removing him. When he appointed him, from personal knowledge, he regarded Murphy as fit for the place, and says that while there is no reason for changing, he will not remove him to gratify the clamors of those who had merely a personal or factious object in view.

CONCORD, Sept. 4.—Dr. Charles P. Wood, convicted of causing the death of Elvira Woodward by performing an operation of abortion on her, has been sentenced to 12 years hard labor in the State Prison.

CASSIUS M. CLAY'S SPEECH.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 4.—The following are some points in Mr. Clay's speech last night:

He announced himself squarely in favor of universal suffrage and universal amnesty. He said he was approaching the decline of life, but believed he would live to see universal amnesty in the South, and freedom from the present military despotism. It was, indeed, a matter of rejoicing that man had not come to submit quietly to this injustice. We have had plenty of illustrations of the danger of centralization: this was tried to the bitter end in the Roman republic when the provinces lost their interests and feelings of responsibility in the government—then cruelty and despotism reigned.

We do not want a strong government; we want a strong people. We place a military man, if you accept the term, at the head of this Government, and he has proved a most complete failure in that he has surrounded himself with satellites, and to those who gave him presents he gave offices. He thought we would have been better off if all our military men, when their services were no longer needed, had retired from public life. But what is this last of our military generals doing? He seems to consider the war still going on. Don't every editor and politician in the land know that Grant, for the past two years has been making war upon a people with whom we are at peace? If Grant is re-elected we will annex San Domingo and Hayti in spite of the Senate and the opinion of the people. The rebellion itself was not such a blow at the liberties of the people and the life of the nation as the present administration.

Notwithstanding he may bring his army to New Orleans or New York, where he has no more right to place them than in my house, nevertheless, neither you nor I fear him, for we have the power of turning him out of his place in 1872, and putting a better man in his place.

In conclusion Mr. Clay urged the nomination of an earnest and able man, expressing himself mainly in favor of Horace Greeley.

ANTWERP, O., Oct. 4.—The woods are on fire on both sides of the T. W. & W. Railroad the greater part of the way between Antwerp and New Haven, covering an area of four or five miles, and about the same distance between Antwerp and Cecil. It is burning down timber, both green and dry, burning hundreds of cords of wood and miles of fence. At Woodburn, October 2d, three houses were destroyed and the steam mill was only saved by breaking several furrows of land around it. Trains have had to stop while heated rails were removed and new ones put in. Corn fields and meadows have been entirely destroyed. The probable loss is about five or six thousand dollars. The smoke is so dense as to make seeing and breathing very difficult. The fire is still raging fiercely.

The Indiana State Fair opens for exhibition on Tuesday. The number of entries is much larger than at any previous fair. The display of stock is particularly fine, 333 entries of horses being made at noon to day.

Theo. Tilton writes that he believes in marriage so long as it suits both parties, and when it don't, it is the worst tyranny to compel either or both to remember their vows.

At the St. Louis fair on Tuesday, W. W. Aldrich, of Elmira, Ohio, took all the premiums for Hereford cattle. The show of blooded stock was very fine. All the trotting is to be against time.

Gov. Senter declines sending a message to the Legislature. This is something unheard in the legislative history of Tennessee.

Henry Howard, Agent for British claims, has issued a notice requesting subjects of Great Britain to send him particulars of claims which they may have upon the United States Government, arising out of acts committed against their persons or property between April 13th, 1861, and April 9th, 1865, inclusive.

All colored laborers on the Chicago and Southwestern Railroad extension have been discharged at the demand of the Irish employees on the work.

The Indian trouble at Fort Sill is said to come from the imprisonment of Santanta.

The small pox is raging in Walla Walla, Oregon.

Wheat in Arizona is received, and held for ask $3 per 100 pounds, but no sales are made over $2 85.

Shipments of tea from San Francisco east by rail during September were 3,535,360 lbs.; coffee, 471,500 lbs.

The California wine crop will exceed 8,000 000 gallons, exclusive of brandy. The vintage has commenced.

Miscellany.

"LOVE IS BLIND."

A Wisconsin Man is Married to a Woman he has Never Seen—A Romance Equal to any in the Books.

The following is vouched for by one G. B. Taylor, a correspondent of the Green Bay *Gazette*:

One of the most novel cases of matrimony on record is given below, and vouched for by the writer, who, being a nephew of the groom, and having attended the wedding, is well acquainted with all the circumstances connected with this strange matrimonial anomaly.

Mr. William Bruce, a gentleman living in comfortable circumstances upon the bank of Suamico river, in Suamico, Brown county, Wis., is highly respected by the community in which he lives, as has been evinced by his being elected, from time to time, to fill most of the various township offices. He has also enjoyed most of the blessings of life, being in good health and pecuniary circumstances, having a valuable farm and a pleasant home. But one thing was lacking to make him all gladness—a helpmeet to share with him the joys of the household.

Last winter his niece, from Pennsylvania, visited him, and, discovering his want, gave him the address of a lady friend of hers, living at Lynn, Susquehanna county, Pa., and recommended her as one in every way suitable to adorn his home. Her name is Mary Knapp, who was consort of the late venerable Justus Knapp, of Lynn, Pa. She is an intelligent, cultivated, and highly respected lady, and beloved by all who know her. A correspondence immediately sprang up between them, and love grew and thrived even through a medium as matter-of-fact as Uncle Sam's mails, and finally resulted in an engagement. About this time her affianced had an attack of neuralgia, which settled in his eyes, and so affected them that within four months after they had become engaged, he was almost totally blind. Though he had become very much attached to her through the correspondence, yet a sense of duty led him to inform her of his misfortune, and to extend an offer to release her from her engagement. Thereupon she wrote him a very kind and sympathetic letter, in which she stated that if he were doomed to suffer for life the awful affliction of blindness, he was much more than ever in need of a wife to care for him through life, and lighten the burden of his dark and dismal pilgrimage upon earth; and therefore that she had no desire to be released from the solemn compact of marriage which she had taken. As she was in possession of a desirable home, living among many kind relatives and friends, and in such pecuniary circumstances as to insure her support for life, thereby showing she did not act from mercenary motives, is it not a case displaying in her a wonderful degree of self sacrifice, mingled with love? Indeed, no woman living among relatives and friends, and enjoying the comforts of life, would leave those comforts, and travel across a thousand miles to a strange place, there to marry a man subject to a life-long blindness, and one whom she had never seen, unless she were actuated by a spirit of love unprecedented, or a sense of duty extraordinary.

However, a few weeks ago the expectant bride arrived, and the meeting with the betrothed was warm and affectionate, but, of course, somewhat disadvantageous. Soon afterward accompanied him to the Eye Infirmary at Chicago, to learn if any relief from his blindness could be afforded; but alas! no encouragement was given. Professor Holmes pronounced it dropsy of the eye, a disease so far advanced as to admit of no hopes of recovery. Returning home with a sad and heavy heart, this fate was disclosed to his bride and relatives. Though touched to the heart with sorrow, yet even this did not dissuade her from the noble purpose to assume for life the burden to care for one who had suddenly become as helpless as a child, but who spent many years in active toil.

The wedding day was appointed, and the nuptials were celebrated August 8, 1871, by which time he had become, it may be said, totally blind, not having sight enough to enable him to distinguish one from another of his own family. The pair are now, however, living in connubial bliss. And why shouldn't they? She rendered unto him with a kindly hand and heart every act of kindness in her power, attending to every want and need with a watchful eye; and he fully appreciates it all with feelings of gratefulness.

As he has never had the pleasure of seeing her whom he has promised "to love, honor, and cherish," who can deny, in this case, the truth of the adage, "Love is blind!" "Love at first sight" has always been considered a rare phenomenon of the tender passion—but what is love without sight at all?

A MISSING BRIDEGROOM.

The Bridal Party Waiting—The marriage supper Growing Cold and the Groom Asleep.

[From the New York Sun, Sept. 30.]

James Francis, a young carpenter of Port Richmond, Staten Island, is a fine fellow, but wants backbone. He fell in love with Miss Elmira Simpson, of West New Brighton, a pretty maid of 22. After a courtship of a year, he concluded to marry her without informing his father. He set down the wedding day for last Wednesday a week ago. The preparations for the union were speedily and properly made.

He rented a two story cottage, surrounded by trees and clambering vines, furnished it, supplied it with groceries, wood and coal, and finally on the morning of the appointed day took his bride-to-be and her mother there. As the afternoon wore away, Miss Elmira set a table with wine and cakes, and, that done, proceeded to complete her wedding toilet.

Meantime a carriage had rolled up to the door, and waited to take the pair to the minister's. The bridegroom (in anticipation) had been carrying coal and wood into the house all the afternoon. At about 5 o'clock, his labor having been concluded and his wedding outfit having arrived from the tailor's, he told Miss Elmira that he would go to the barber's to get shaved, and would soon be back.

"Wait with supper for me," he said.

She said she would. She waited. She waited long. In her white dress and her bride's veil she waited; but he came not.

The fact was, on his way to the barber's his father met him, and, after some talk, persuaded him to turn aside from the road which led to the variegated pole, and to return to the home of his childhood. That evening one of Miss Elmira's brothers visited the house of the elder Francis. He seemed perplexed. He inquired for Mr. Francis.

"I am Mr. Francis," replied the bridegroom's father.

"Yes, I know," replied the visitor, "but I mean your son, Mr. James Francis."

"Why, what do you want of him?"

"Well," said the young visitor, with some hesitation, "I am Miss Elmira Simpson's brother. Your son was to have married my sister this evening. She is waiting for him, we are all waiting for him, but he is not to be found."

"I can tell you where he is," said the elderly Francis. "You go back, young man, and tell the folks that I put my son to bed two or three hours ago."

Later in the evening the guests arrived, and a number of the young couple's friends serenaded the newly married couple.

The next morning the disappointed bride roamed through the village in search of her recreant lover. Finding him at last in a public place, she put her foot under the young man's nose. He retreated.

Miss Elmira Simpson is now in possession of a cottage, rent paid for one month, furnished throughout, and provided with provisions and fuel. Mr. James Francis is in possession of his bachelorhood. What it was that influenced him so powerfully upon his father that on the way to the barber's, no one knows. The elder Francis says he knows it, and that's enough.

Southern Sports and Pastimes.

From the Knoxville (Tenn.) Herald, Sept. 26.

One of the most deplorable affairs that ever took place in Knoxville happened last evening, General James H. Clanton, one of the best lawyers and most popular men of Alabama, was shot and instantly killed by Colonel D. M. Nelson, of Cleveland, Texas.

General Clanton was attending upon the United States Court in regard to a grant of Alabama in the A. C. R. R. case, and had never met Colonel Nelson, who was interested in a case now pending in the Supreme Court, until five minutes before the affray occurred.—After the fatal shot had been fired the body of General Clanton was taken into the back office of the confectionary store under the Lamar House, where every effort was made by competent surgeons to restore life, but in vain. As soon as he was ascertained to be extinct the body was removed to the reading room of the Lamar House, and Mr. J. P. Ally, acting coroner summoned the jury. After the jury were sworn Mr. Tomlinson Fort, being sworn, stated to the jury that about fifteen minutes before six o'clock P. M. he was standing at the corner of Gay and Cumberland streets, having just come out of Eller's saloon.

He had just met Colonel D. M. Nelson and was walking arm in arm with him, being an old friend, when he saw Gen. Clanton with a dark-whiskered gentleman (Col. A. S. Prosser) on the other side of the street. They crossed over and met them and he introduced Gen. Clanton to Nelson, with the remark that Nelson had fought "us," (Fort was in the Confederate army and Clanton also,) but had been very liberal and honorable towards his late enemies. Colonel Nelson or General Clanton proposed to go and take a drink. Col. Fort thinks Colonel Nelson made the proposition. As they walked along, the talk turned in some way on amusements, and Col. Nelson remarked that he could show Clanton something good if he was not afraid.

General Clanton said, "Do you think I'm afraid?"

Colonel Nelson said, "I don't know whether you are or not."

The same remarks were repeated several times, Nelson apparently becoming excited, but General Clanton was cool. Fort put his hand on Nelson's shoulder, who was under the influence of liquor, and said, "Keep cool, Dave. You are in the wrong. There is no use in fighting."

At length as Nelson repeated, "I don't know whether you are afraid or not," General Clanton said:

"Well, if you think I'm afraid, just try me. Name your friend, time, place and distance, any time or any place."

Colonel Nelson said this was as good a time and place as any.

Gen. Clanton then said, "Fort, step off the ground for your friend."

Col. Fort refused to do so, as both were friends, and there was no cause for a quarrel.

While he was talking with Gen. Clanton Col. Nelson had gone into Eller's saloon, and as he was urging Clanton to go off, as Nelson was drunk, Fort heard the door of the St. Nicholas open. He looked and saw Col. Nelson with a double-barrelled gun coming out. He thought that Nelson fired the first shot, and as he fired Clanton levelled his pistol, cocked it and fired. Nelson at once fired again, and after the shot Gen. Clanton fell forward doubling himself up on his hands and face.

He did not know what became of Nelson after the fatal shot was fired.

Col. Fort stated that during all the conversation Gen. Clanton held his hands on his coat color, while Nelson kept his hands in his pockets.

Case of Yellow Fever at Cincinnati.

The first case of cholera in 1866 did not create a greater sensation than a fatal case of yellow fever in this city yesterday, although it occurred on a quiet street, and every means were used to keep it from public cognizance. Ordinarily it is best that a sporadic case of a fatal contagious disease should not be made public by the press simply for fear of exciting unnecessary alarm, but when it becomes a town talk, such as this case is, better tell the whole truth and abide the consequences.

The facts in this case appear to be as follows: Isaac Smith, married, and having some family, was summoned to Natchez, Mississippi, to attend the sick bed of his brother, stricken down with yellow fever. When he reached that city his brother was dead, and his remains placed in a vault. He went there to view them and prepare for their removal and final interment, and in that act of duty undoubtedly contracted the contagion which he brought with him to his home at No. 20 Longworth street, between Elm and Plum streets, in this city. The case was skillfully treated by one of the best physicians in the city, but it terminated fatally at an early hour yesterday morning, and was duly reported at the Health Office.

Dr. Clendenin, the Health Officer, promptly repaired to the place with a sanitary officer and disinfected the house from cellar to garret, had the corpse placed in an air-tight coffin and the bedding and all the clothes of the decedent removed and burned. The remains were interred right away, and, in a word, every measure was promptly adopted which science and experience have proved to be effectual in preventing the spread of contagion. An officer was stationed at the door of the infected house to prevent any one entering it but the immediate members of the family, and it is quite safe to say that such precautions were taken by them under direction of the family physician and of the Health Officer as to secure perfect safety from any further encroachment of the malady.

It is proper to add that, while we are at any time liable to an imported case of yellow fever during its prevalence in the South, our sanitary system is such as to secure the community from epidemic danger. Besides, the condition of our weather, at this time, is altogether unfavorable to the encouragement of "Yellow Jack."

Two years ago a boatman brought the disease with him from New Orleans to his home in the Seventeenth ward, where he died, but the same prompt measures were adopted for stamping it out as were used yesterday, and that was all the city has known of yellow fever since. There is really not the slightest cause for alarm on account of yellow fever at this time.—*Cin. Commercial, Oct. 1st.*

Riparian versus Pre-Emption Title.

Last Monday evening the country in the vicinity of Beaver Lake, in Newton county, Ind., was the scene of considerable excitement, caused by a party of men taking possession of the lands as pre-emptors. Said land was until a few years ago, covered by water. The men who claim the land under riparian title are Messrs. Mick & Dean, who own land adjoining the lake. The party who were pre-emptors were from different places, most of them from this city among whom were Isaac Myers, Henry C. Noyes, Dr. A. C. Savage, Dr. Secor, Moses Ludington and others. The land is about sixteen miles south of Momence, Ill., in Indiana. Soon after the party took possession of the land, one of the riparian claimants named Dean, visited the party mentioned, and threatened to prosecute if they did not leave the land, which advice was not heeded, the party went on with their work until 3 o'clock Thursday morning, when a constable made his appearance, holding a warrant for the arrest of Isaac Myers, of Chicago, Joseph Blessing, of Indiana, and others. Some refusing to obey the warrant, continued in their work of pre-emption, while others accompanied the constable to the presence of the Justice. Mr. Noyes, acting attorney, obtained the discharge of the case because of some informality in the warrant. At 4 o'clock the same day, the constable returned with another warrant accompanied by a posse, of whom Dean was one. Messrs. Myers, Noyes, Ludington, Blake, Armitage, and Mason, submitting to the arrest, returned with the officers. All the prisoners were, Noyes waiving examination, and gave the required bail to appear at the next term of the Circuit Court of Kankakee county. Noyes, employed General Miller, of Indiana, to be defense, obtained an examination, and was discharged. The land is said to average in value $30 an acre, and is about sixty miles from Chicago.

Old Richard Bentley, once the publisher of Dickens, Lytton, Maria an Ingoldsby, Fenimore Cooper, and Prescott, passed away, in his 77th year, on Sunday. He founded the publishing house which bears his name, and has long been noted for his excellent literary judgment and hospitality, social qualities, and was one of the "old stand-bys" of literary London. He leaves a son, Mr. George Bentley, at the head of the house, who is a most genial and excellent gentleman, well qualified to fill his father's place in the later generation. Richard Bentley founded Bentley's Miscellany with Dickens, and later, Temple Bar, one of the very best of English magazines.

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IN THE

WEEKLY BLADE

Ordinary advertisements (Nonpariel solid) 50 cents per line, each insertion.

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Editorial or Business Notices, (Minion leaded,) 90 cents per line, each insertion.

Twelve lines Nonpariel solid make one inch.

The average number of words (Nonpariel solid) in an inch is 90; 22 inches make a column.

Double column advertisements and cuts 33⅓ per cent. additional.

No advertisement inserted for less than $1.

Objectionable advertisements not accepted.

NASBY NEXT WEEK.

The Rev. Mr. NASBY, will, next week, give an account of a visit to New York. He found upon his arrival that he was the most numerous man in that city, Mr. TWEED and the Ring having used his name to draw salaries on in a hundred different kinds of business. The old gentleman was indignant, of course. Look for next week's BLADE.

THE GREAT CHICAGO CALAMITY

The fire in Chicago is the most extensive and destructive that ever occurred in this, or perhaps in any other country. A drouth of several weeks had dried every sort of combustible material until it was as ready for the fire as powder itself. Never was a conjunction of circumstances so favorable for the unobstructed march of the great destroyer.—For the details of this overwhelming calamity, we must refer the reader to the dispatches of this morning. The entire business portion of the city has been swept away, the railway buildings, the city Water Works, the newspaper and telegraph offices, the banks, court house, Hotels, and all the principal business structures of the great city. The extent of the disaster not only defies detail at this time, but it mocks the imagination of man to comprehend the greatness of the sorrow.

The calamity is not only an overwhelming one to the people of the great city upon whose property the destroyer has done its work, but is national in its character. Chicago was the pride of the Northwest, and one of the great centers which sent the pulsations of business to the wide extremes of the country. Her loss is the nation's loss, and with her suffering and stricken inhabitants, with bowed heads and sinking hearts, the citizens of the whole country will sit down in the deepest commiseration and the sincerest sympathy.

Already the cry for help has gone forth for the stricken populace. The food supply for the immense population of that great emporium is swept away with the buildings which contained it. There are no means of preparing food for the immediate supply of the wants of the hungry multitude. The daily consumption of a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants is immense, and we can only imagine what suffering must ensue within a few hours unless supplies are promply forwarded from all the cities of the country.

We write deeply burdened with the oppression of the great common calamity. To think of the poverty to which tens of thousands of industrious and affluent families are suddenly reduced, of hard-earned accumulations of many years of honest toil which are suddenly swept away is indeed crushing. For a considerable time many whom this calamity found surrounded with plenty must feel the pressure of want, and for years eat the bread of carefulness. But those blessed with this world's goods must make common cause with those bereft of their means, and show that compassion and benevolence are among the active virtues of humanity. In the presence of such a visitation words are inadequate to express the feelings occasioned by it, and we here break off the theme.

KEYSER CONFESSES.

The Committee of Seventy in New York are succeeding gloriously in unearthing the villanies of Tammany. The most important result yet reached, and the one which whitens the cheeks and shakes the limbs of the knaves with terror, is the confession of JOHN H. KEYSER, one of the contractors on the new Court House, whose vouchers had drawn heavily from the treasury. The dispatches of Saturday containing his statement have been read with unusual interest. He was compelled to sign vouchers for money that he never saw or handled. He now makes restitution so far as lies in his power. By that means he may possibly receive a measure of mercy which any other course would have made impossible.

When the rogues find their own confederates turning State's evidence upon them, they will begin to call upon the rocks and mountains to hide them from the coming wrath. Those who expect mercy had better, like KEYSER, begin to make consignments, and make peace with an outraged people as best they can. The Seventy in charge of this prosecution are doing a work which will subserve the cause of political purity for a century to come.

THE NEW YORK DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

Tammany gained a substantial victory at the Rochester Convention. The delegates of that corrupt organization of intriguers could well afford to retire from the Convention, when they were allowed to retire with grace and dignity, to enjoy the praise of having really done something praiseworthy in promoting the harmony of the party, which its own frauds had distracted. It is enough to say of the action of the Convention that Tammany is satisfied with it, and comes away from Rochester without the slightest rebuke or humiliation. It is also true that the real and honest reformers of the city of New York recognize their own virtual defeat at this Convention.

The New York Democracy, like their brethren in Ohio, acquiesce in the emancipation and enfranchisement of the colored people of the country as the result of the war, but denounce the Administration for carrying out the law which Congress has found it necessary to pass in order to secure the colored people of the South the blessings of freedom and protection. One would think, to read these resolutions, to listen to Democratic orators, or read their papers, that the whole country was bristling with bayonets, and that an armed sentinel was on duty before every man's door. Instead of this, a few armed men at a few points in the South where a few bloody and vindictive rioters have gratified their brutal lust for blood by Ku Kluxing inoffensive negroes, the country is as free from military interference as it ever was.

The Convention makes a fair show of denouncing the frauds and corruptions of the Democratic officials of the city of New York, but does it much as we might suppose a Convention of the friends and confederates of the convicted prisoners at Auburn and Sing Sing would denounce the crimes of their friends within the walls. The testimony is one of words and not of deeds. The real purpose of the Convention is to trifle with and defeat the purpose of the reformers. Its denunciations are from policy and not from principle. The exclusion of the honest element of the delegation from New York was a virtual triumph of the corruptionists, which shows how great their influence still is.

The managers of the New York Democracy know that they must have the latrigues, frauds, repeating and general corrupt management of Tammany in order to succeed in the city and State elections. The storm of public indignation which it cannot meet, it proposes to elude by a few weak platitudes. All rogues denounce villainy, and pickpockets, if we may believe them, are honest to a fault. But deeds of repentance are all that can now satisfy the now thoroughly aroused people of the city of New York.

NO REFORM IN THE NEW YORK DEMOCRACY.

A political party once so thoroughly corrupted as the New York Democracy has been can not be reformed. When the Ethiopian changes his skin and the leopard his spots by an exercise of the will, may we expect a reform in the character of the Democratic party. The recent State Convention at Rochester illustrates this. Never were the really honest men in any party more outrageously tricked and defrauded than were the reformers in this Convention. Tammany was allowed to become the honored hero of the occasion. It leaped, like CURTIUS, into the yawning chasm, to unite the divided fragments, and a crown of self-sacrifice now rests upon its villanous brow. But, unlike CURTIUS, it found a hole through which to creep to the surface, and it is now as potential and as dictatorial in the councils of the Democracy as it ever was. The Convention, instead of laying on the stripes of earnest and faithful censure and punishment, allowed Tammany to become the idol of the day, and crowded out the reform delegation from New York from all participation in its deliberations. It made its graceful speech and put a padlock on the lips of its opposers.

The New York *Times* very forcibly exposes the sophistry of the action of the Convention. We quote a few passages from its article of yesterday.

Its condemnation "as unworthy of countenance or toleration of all who are responsible" for the outrageous crimes of the City Government is mere sound, signifying nothing, in the light of the fact that the very men who are distinctly proved to be responsible for them were both countenanced and tolerated by this body of solemn adepts in political mockery. As if the contrast between words and deeds were not of itself enough to brand the resolutions with hypocrisy, they proceed to charge the misdeeds of the Tammany government on the Republican party, and go on to call for certain features of "further reform" of our City Charter. This is wicked nonsense. It is a repetition of the twaddle of the *World*, and springs in the Convention, as in that Journal, from cowardice, deceitfulness, and a bad conscience. It is an attempt to shuffle off to the shoulders of political opponents the errors and evils which the people require should be frankly acknowledged and squarely repudiated. Had the Democratic Convention been ruled by sagacity, courage or honesty, it would have openly refused all connection with Tammany, openly allied itself with the avowed enemies of Tammany among the Democrats of New York, called for the repeal of the fraudulent charter, and designated the sound principles on which the city should be governed. It would then have commanded respect. It might have secured victory. Now the party is disgraced and beaten before the fight.

RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS.

See to it that your subscription is promptly renewed. The best plan is to make up yearly clubs; but those desiring to sail with us a shorter time can do so at the following rates:

One copy three months	$ 50.
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☞ Renew at once.

THE MANHATTAN SEWING MACHINE.—Ladies who desire a sewing machine this season, should by all means see the circular of the Manhattan and specimens of its work. It has positive merits which are only necessary to be seen to be appreciated. Send to the agency nearest to you for circulars. Get the address from the advertisement in to-day's paper.

GOSSIP.

By counting noses in his harem the other evening, Brigham Young made the discovery that one of his wives had absconded.

Senator Carpenter, of Wisconsin, has taken up the cudgel against Theodore Tilton's argument that the Constitution entitles women to vote, although he thinks they should be granted the right.

Miss Lucy Ames, of Washington territory has arrived in San Francisco. She is a fragile creature, only seventeen years old. Her height is four feet three inches, and she weighs but four hundred and seventeen pounds. The distance around her shoulders is sixty-four inches.

An inhuman German woman in Troy, N. Y., walloped her unfortunate husband until he howled like a mule, one day last week. The poor fellow had been roaming about the beerjners, and went home so worn out by his arduous exertions as to be helpless. The neighbors had to interfere for the protection of the luckless masculine.

The success of our Pacific Railroad line has set French engineers talking about a through line from Paris to Pekin.

The next eclipse of the sun will occur on the 12th of December next. As it is to be visible in the vicinity of Arabia, persons who intend to go and see it should begin to think of getting ready for the trip.

A carving match is to come off in New York. A turkey, a goose, and a partridge are to be placed before each of the operators. The winner will carve a stake of $200 in greenbacks after the decision is rendered.

The smoke of fifteen hundred manufacturing establishments in Pittsburg hangs over the city like a huge umbrella, and lets the inhabitants see the sun about once a week.

Black silk stockings and pumps, which "went out" with the town pumps, twenty or thirty years ago, are reported to be "coming in" again in New York.

Joel Hundley and Mrs. Jane C. Thomas met the other day in Louisville, after a mutual absence of fifty-four years. Joel, aged 89, is the brother of Jane, aged 78.

The Danbury News says that the reason school boys delight to dig and explore caves is because of the recesses there.

A lady writer blames the men more than the women for the ridiculous fashions now in vogue. She says: "If all men possessing $100,000 and upward should form a league not to marry any woman who mounted a chignon, how long do you suppose that the ugly monstrosities would continue to be in vogue?"

Some would-be puffer of Cincinnati whiskey is endeavoring to make the public believe that the manufacturers mingle with it such a costly and needless addition as sulphuric acid.

A story has been extensively circulated that Brigadier General Robert Anderson is so poor that he cannot afford to hire a servant in his sickness. Gen. Anderson is retired as a brigadier general, and receives $4,125 per annum.

Grinnell, Iowa, a village fifteen years old, with a population of 2,500 to 3,000 people, has no barroom. Every deed covenants that the purchaser shall not sell intoxicating beverages, nor allow them to be sold on the premises.

A western lover thus apostrophises the lady of his heart. "There is not a globule of blood in my heart that does not bear thy photograph."

The central telegraph office of London employs 475 women as operators and only 250 men.

A learned Hindoo lady is lecturing in England, who says the vice of intemperance was unknown in India till introduced by the English.

Three counties in Iowa have lady school superintendents, and other counties are following their example and nominating ladies for this responsible office.

A strong minded sister says that women who are averse to suffrage, because it will cause division in families, must be a precious meek set, since any wife can pick a quarrel with her husband without waiting to split on votes.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps writes that "pecuniary dependence upon men tends to make women weak, cowardly, ignorant and childish, if not worse. Pecuniary authority over women tends to create in men overweaning self-confidence and self-assertion, arrogance in their treatment of, and a thorough lack of respect for the sterling qualities in the character of woman."

Twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of property was destroyed by fire in Salem, a day or two ago, in consequence of the rash attempts of a small boy to shoot woodchucks under a hay-mow. He missed the "chuck."

Andy Johnson, a nephew of the veteran policy dealer and exhibitor of the thirty-six stars that formerly illuminated our national banner, is now a thriving harness maker in Brownsville, Tenn.

Krupp's celebrated steel works, at Essen, Prussia, give employment, including the miners, to 17,061 men. Each workman is known only by his number. Payments are made every two weeks, and every workman, after sixteen years of service, is pensioned off.

The Senior class of Williams College have voted not to allow the presence of ladies at Dr. Hopkins' weekly lectures on the catechism, lest their presence might hinder freedom of discussion.

A Kentucky court has decided that if a man deeds his wife real estate on condition that she restrain her temper, he is bound by the contract whether she keep her part of the bargain or not. At first sight this would seem grossly unjust, but it is to be observed that there was no allowance made for the provocation which he might give her.

Lady journalists are daily becoming more numerous with the American press, both gaining and deserving honors. Miss Knight, of the Charlestown, Mass., *Chronicle*, is another addition to the list, and promises to take a high rank in the walks of journalism.

A growing disposition is apparent in churches to employ ladies as assistant pastors. The plan where it has been tried works well, as women are generally fitted by nature for visiting the sick and unfortunate, and performance of many duties for which the pastors of large congregations find no time.

At the late election in Wyoming the women generally turned out, and no riots, insults or social catastrophes resulted therefrom. The usual order which reigns at churches, balls, theatres and other places where men and women congregate was observed. Neither has a single divorce suit, growing out of the enfranchisement of women occurred in Wyoming.

☞ THE AMERICAN FARM JOURNAL and WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE, both to any address in the United States, for $1. The price of the *Magazine* is $1 00 and the FARM JOURNAL 75 cents. The WEEKLY BLADE and *Wood's Household Magazine* for $2 00.

Correspondence.

Wanderings in the West.

No. 23.

DEAR BLADE:—In my last letter, I wrote something in a general way upon the question, Who should go west? and propose this week to say something more on the same question, although it can only be answered in general terms, for the circumstances of each particular case must, of course, determine it, after all.

A young man in New York States writes as follows:

"I am twenty-two years of age and unmarried. Lived on a farm till I was eighteen, and since then have been clerking in a store. By economy I can live on my salary and save something at the end of the year. I do not see much chance for promotion, as the business will hardly warrant a higher salary than I am now getting, and the proprietor would have no difficulty in filling my place for even less than he pays me. My situation is pleasant enough at present, but I don't like the prospect for the future, and have been seriously thinking of giving up my place, going west and taking a homestead. I have been reading your letters in the BLADE with deep interest and would like to have your advice. I could raise about $400 in money to take with me."

This is a representative case, that is, there are probably some thousands of young men among the readers of the BLADE situated very much as our correspondent is, and in answering him, I shall give them all some advice they would do well to follow. I have no hesitation in advising my New York friend to go west and take a homestead. He has knowledge enough of farming to do it successfully, and at the end of five year, when he gets his patent from the government, if he shall have made a good selection as to soil, location, &c., he may have a farm worth hardly less than four thousand dollars, and probably a good deal more than that. Saying nothing about anything he may be able to save from the profits of his farm in that time, he would be a good deal better off than he can hope to be by remaining in his present position, or indeed than he would probably be were he the proprietor of the store he is clerking in. But, being unmarried, you ask how he is to live while he is improving his homestead? He can easily find a homestead near enough to some neighbor who will be glad to board him until he can get a part of his land under cultivation and build a small house, and then—well, by that time the question of boarding will have solved itself, for my young friend will have discovered—if he has not already done so—that "it is not good for man to be alone."

Here is a case that will illustrate my point: Coming eastward one day on the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Road, a young man got aboard at a small station in Acair county, Iowa. I was pleased with his appearance, and thinking he might be able to give me some information that would be interesting and profitable to the readers of the BLADE, I presently took a seat with him, and in a ride of an hour or two, succeeded in drawing from him a full account of his experience in the west, which to me was interesting, and I think it will be to my readers. He was born and raised in Pennsylvania—Lycoming county, I think he said—and his father being in rather moderate circumstances, and there being six children to provide for besides himself, he determined to set up for himself the first favorable opportunity. About the time he was twenty-one, a neighbor decided to move west, and he made up his mind to accompany him. He had saved a little money, to which his father was able to add a little more, so that when he reached Iowa, he had about $150. He at once went to work for the Pennsylvania friend with whom he had come out. In a few weeks he bought eighty acres of the rail road company at five dollars an acre, on which he paid eighty dollars down—the balance payable in five equal annual payments. He got the use of his friend's teams to break fifteen acres of sod the first year, and planted it in corn, from which he realized about twenty bushels per acre, which he sold for enough to reimburse him for the first payment on his land. He immediately bought another eighty acres adjoining the first, and the next year succeeded in getting forty acres of sod broken. But I will not follow him through the details of his four years' work in the improvement of his farm, which he gave me somewhat minutely and with very justifiable pride.

"Did you notice," he asked, "a couple of miles west of the station where I got aboard the train, about half a mile to your right a story and a half frame house with a good many trees around it?"

"Yes, I remember it," I answered.

"Well, that's mine," he said, "and I wasoffered thirty dollars an acre for it the other day."

"And didn't you feel like selling at that price?" I asked.

"Not at all," he answered, "I improved that place with the intention of making it my home, and it's not for sale. I know I could take the money it would bring and go off somewhere else and get more land, but I've done well there and am satisfied to let well enough alone."

"Well, that's a neat, cozy cage you have; now how about the bird to put in it?" I enquired.

"She's not caught yet," he answered, laughingly. "I'm going back to Pennsylvania now, to visit my old home—the first time since I left—and may be I can persuade one of my sisters to come out and keep house for me."

"More likely somebody else's sister," I answered.

"Well, if you should ever pass that way again come and see," he replied, "and you shall have a cordial welcome."

I hope I shall have the opportunity of accepting his invitation, and if so am confident I shall find "somebody else's sister" in that cozy house.

Here is a case in which an energetic, industrious young man, with only a hundred and fifty dollars to start with, made himself a farm and a home, with not less than five thousand dollars, in four years' time.

The conditions of his success were simply these; He understood his business; he was industrious, energetic, persevering. No doubt he had his spells of homesickness, when he longed for the scenes and associations of his old Pennsylvania home; and no doubt he had his discouragements, such as come to men in every pursuit in life. But he had courage enough to overcome all these, and the result was what it will be in any similar case—success.

But why didn't this young man preempt his land, and thus get it for $2 50 an acre, or take a homestead and thus get a patent for it by simply living on it five years? I asked him this, and he said that to have done so he would have been compelled to go back a considerable distance from the railroad, and thus be farther from a market for the products of his farm, while at the same time his land would not have increased so rapidly in value. The government land in the vicinity of the railroad had all been taken, and he preferred to pay five dollars an acre for railroad land near market rather than go farther away and get land for nothing.

Now, I know very well that this may be called an exceptionable case—that many other young men going west with the same capital this one did would fail, and would probably go back to their eastern homes disgusted with the west. But if they can fulfill the conditions I have given above, namely: a good knowledge of farming, industry, energy and perseverence, they need never fail. A man cannot succeed in farming any better than in any other business if he knows nothing about it. So I would not advise any one ignorant of farming to go west and expect to succeed at it. If he has means to buy land and improve it, and can form a partnership with some good, industrious farmer who has no capital except his knowledge of the business, he can do well by making such an arrangement. It is very probable that he would be worth a good deal more money at the end of ten years than if he invested his capital in some mercantile pursuit. And at the same time he would assist a worthy man in getting a start and putting him on the road to success and competence.

Now there are all over the country industrious young men working by the month on farms, and there are others living and wersting as tenants on other men's lands, who, if they possess the courage and the perseverence may just as well in a few years have farms of their own. If a man is well situated in the east—is doing well, whether at farming or any other business—let him remain there. He will not probably better his situation by going west. But if he has no home, and no immediate prospect of getting one, there are thousands of them to be *won*—just as my young Pennsylvania friend won his—in the great west.

A. P. M.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3, 1871.

The deplorable circumstances which surround the default of paymaster Hodge, has frequent and touching allusions to his family, and his frank confession and submission to punishment naturally excite much interest, and give emphasis to that portion of the Lord's comprehensive prayer which says "Lead us not into temptation."

The temptation to use large sums of money in the hands of agents, for private purposes, is no new thing, and few men are proof against it. I notice that Judge Tabor (Fourth Auditor,) proposes to put a check on this practice, so far as paymasters are concerned, by the appointment of trusty agents well versed in naval accounts, whose business it shall be to proceed, at unexpected times, to examine the accounts and cash in hand of these officers. His theory is that the appointment of such agents will make the paymasters circumspect, and train them to the habit of always keeping their balances good. He believes that the mere fact of knowing that their accounts are to be looked after, and examinations made without warning, will be a great safe-guard, as they can now carry forward a balance from quarter to quarter without having the corresponding cash, and without the exact facts being known.

One of the most deplorable instances of the corrupt use of entrusted funds took place a few years ago in Georgetown, in the management of the estate of Minister Bodisco, the late representative of Russia to the United States. It will be remembered that Bodisco married an American lady and had a large family, mostly born in the United States. At his death his wife's brother administered on the estate, and had in his possession between one and two hundred thousand dollars to await the maturity of the heirs. But when the heirs called for their money not a cent of it was to be had. Mr. Williams, the uncle, had been tempted to make a great fortune out of the funds in his possession, by using them in buying and selling gold, and the consequence was that they went, as the funds of paymaster Hodge went, and left vacancy and sorrow in their track.

One of the sons of Mr. Bodisco, who married a beautiful American lady, and took her over to Russia, came back with his young wife a short time since, to look after the property left him by his father, and had his "labor for his pains." Not a single *red* could he recover.

The showing made by Mr. Boutwell for September in the settlement of our great debt, will be an astonisher to the Democrats who have been looking for these monthly balances to fall away. Knowing how much the taxes had been discussed, they expected to get a hook on the financial policy of the Secretary when his returns fell off, and it was supposed this would occur in good time to help them in the fall campaign. The result will not be so welcome to them as to the people at large. Thirteen millions and over looks as if the reduction was not to be checked in the least by the cutting down of the taxes. Sixty millions in seven months means a hundred millions for the year, and shows that Congress may safely go on to remove other burthens from the people.

Gen. Brice contradicts the stories afloat about further defalcations in his department. It seems that the men suspected have come forward and promptly adjusted their accounts.

The "departing" Democrats get no plan its from Alexander H. Stevens, who seems to be determined to hold on to his old secession theories and his bitter rebel prejudices. The South, under such leaders as he, would never return to the old feeling of fraternity; and it is fortunate that they cannot live always.

The Democratic organ in Washington is not understood to be in a very healthy condition, and has lately sloughed off its old editor and taken on a new one. Gen. Jeffries, who now has the command, was a Union soldier of good repute during the war, and since then, an office holder under Andrew Johnson. He will not be likely to make the paper any worse, if that is possible.

The Democracy, which bore iron rule in this city for so many years, have good reason for disliking negro suffrage, for it has ousted them from their position and taken away their heritage. They are, just now, engaged in putting down the breaks against the Yankee propensity to improve. Our Board of Public Works are paving the streets, laying down sidewalks, digging sewers, and building market houses, all of which the ancient Democracy do not like.

Our new Agricultural Building has recently become one of the chief attractions for strangers. It stands on the high ground's south of the Smithsonian Institute, and is surrounded with a forest of flowers which are still in their glory. The new commissioner is a devoted culturist, and farmers find the seed rooms particularly attractive. Its monthly statement of the condition of the crops is a bulletin of great importance to the country, and ought to be widely circulated.

BUCKEYE.

THE ALDINE.—The prospectus of the *Aldine*, an illustrated monthly journal, claiming to be the handsomest paper in the world, appears in another column. The *Aldine* makes the art department a specialty, and the volume for 1872, will contain 250 fine engravings, including specimens from Darley, Beard, Smiley and other eminent American artists. The literary department will be under the editorial management of Mr. HENRY STODDARD. The specialties and the efforts made by the publishers, are given in the prospectus.

☞ The BLADE and *Wood's Household Magazine* one year for $2 00.

THE TAMMANY IMBROGLIO.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4.—The bankers and brokers are unanimous in saying that their faith in the Committee of Seventy remains unshaken, and that they look to the Committee alone for a pure city government in the future. They urge the necessity of confidence on the part of the people, and claim that without that the accomplishment of beneficial results would be much impeded.

While the Board of Apportionment was in session yesterday, a gang of three or four hundred laborers, employed by the Department of Public Works, besieged the Comptroller's office and demanded the wages due them for the past seven weeks. Green returned about this time and told them that he would give them an answer to day.

Acting Comptroller Green is receiving the praise of the community for the changes effected in the Comptroller's department under the new order of things. Instead of a closed meeting, the Board of Apportionment and Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, as heretofore, the proceedings of these Boards were open to the public. Mr. Green is furnishing the Committee of seventy with such particulars as they desire, so as to enable them to institute legal proceedings.

The German Republican Central Committee last night adopted resolutions endorsing the Republican ticket and urging the overthrow of party considerations in local politics for the purpose of securing municipal reform.

Another member of the Tammany General Committee—Patrick Lorram—leaves the institution on account of its corruptions.

The injunction, as settled and modified by Judge Barnard this morning, authorizes the issue of bonds by the departments of parks, docks and charities, and by the boards of health, fire, and police, under provisions of the law now existing, but the Judge directs that no bond or bonds for which the city or county is liable shall be issued without the approval of Andrew H. Green, Deputy Comptroller. He also restrains the Comptroller from paying any money or delivering any warrants for the payment of money, without the consent first obtained of said Deputy. Green is to signify his assent to the issue of bonds by writing across the face thereof his approval and signature. Judge Barnard also restrains any payments on account of the Court House.

An evening paper announces that Judge Barrett made application this afternoon before Justice Bixby of the 5th street police court for a warrant of arrest for Mayor A. Oakey Hall, for alleged gross misdemeanor in converting public funds, or permitting the same to be diverted from their legitimate use, by signing warrants for the payment of millions of dollars for work that had not been done, said money having been to Ingersoll, Garvey, Miller, Smith, Bollard and others. The principal affidavits charge the crime under a special section of the act of the Legislature which deprives the guilty one of office, and forever prevents him from holding office of any kind.—They are sworn to by W. S. Copeland, formerly an assistant book keeper in the Comptroller's office, who charges that the vouchers on which said warrants were issued were fraudulent, and so known by the Mayor. The Justice did not feel authorized to grant the warrant, as some respect should be shown to the official position of the chief magistrate of the city, but he would send notice to the Mayor to appear to-morrow morning.—Should he neglect or refuse to appear, a warrant for his arrest would immediately be issued. It was intended that counsel will to-morrow apply for a warrant of arrest against W. M. Tweed and others for fraudulently appropriating the public funds.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4.—Mayor Hall appeared this morning at the Yorkville Police Court to answer the charges preferred against him, in signing fraudulent warrants. He waived an examination and offered bail in any amount. Judge Barrett, counsel for the prosecution, said there was no necessity for the Mayor's giving bail, as it was not contemplated to hold him in durance.

The New York Times says it has information of the existence in this city, of a secret organizations of about 1,500, who are banded together for the purpose of repeating at elections.

A special dispatch from Rochester says that the State Central Committee, by a vote of 3 to 1, in caucus this morning, decided to accept a proposition allowing Tammany to withdraw, and exclude the other contesting delegations from this city. The decision was reached in view of overwhelming sense of the country delegates that the Tammany men should be excluded. Their exclusion necessarily left no other organization of the party in New York that had legitimate claims to a seat. This is regarded as a triumph for Tweed.

NEW YORK, Oct. 2.—The publication of the list of names on the pay rolls of the city is continued to-day. In some instances there are found the names of persons long since deceased, still remaining as city employes. Tammany Hall it appears drew the whole amount of these dead men's wages. Tweed's bureau in the department of buildings has the largest number of sinecures. In the finance department, besides the monthly stipend paid, many of the clerks receive as much more for collecting arrears, etc. One Starkweather averages about $2,000 as collector of assessments. Geo. H. E. Lynch receives $1,166 66 a month, filling three offices. Many of these officials are related to the controlling powers. Starkweather is the father-in-law of Gov. Hoffman. Politicians of the worst and most ignorant order are found scattered throughout the roll of sinecures which includes retired runsellers, bar-room loafers, ex-convicts, gamblers, bruisers and other bad characters. It is believed that to support this ring of hirelings it costs the city upwards of $1,200,000 per year.

One of the members of the citizens' committee says that his examination of the records of the finance department had convinced him that at least 33½ per cent of the money expended by the various departments was stolen by the ring.

NEW YORK, October 7.—The confession and restitution made last night by Keyser, is deemed the most important advantage yet secured. It was wholly unexpected, and as a means of enabling the committee of seventy to obtain other proof, is regarded as the most promising occurrence that has yet transpired. His admission is that in the seven years of employment by the city, he has received three quarters of a million of dollars, for which he has done but little work, but he declared that his signature for many vouchers for exhorbitant sums has been forged.

In many instances he had been compelled to assign his claims before he could receive payment. This confession, it is probable, secures him immunity from punishment. Others implicated tradesmen who are expected to take a like course.

The committee of seventy are following out their determination for the prosecution of the ring of thieves, who will demand of the Governor to forthwith order the Attorney General to commence the required legal proceedings. They will employ counsel to assist in this work.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5.—Experts yesterday visited the County Court House, accompanied by a special committee of the committee of seventy, and made a careful examination of all furniture in the building. After adding 25 per cent to their estimate, they valued it all at $92,075. Other experts estimated the carpenter work at $122,000, including an addition of 25 per cent. Ingersoll received for furnishing the above $1,166,666. The affidavits of the experts were sworn to and handed to District Attorney Garvin.

Several vouchers for Ingersoll's, Garvey's and Keyser's work were unearthed yesterday by the committee of seventy. The vouchers are all for enormous amounts, not one of them sworn to, but all signed by A. Oakey Hall.

The Mormon Trouble.

SALT LAKE CITY, Oct. 7.—George Q. Cannon and Henry W. Lawrence, of the firm of Kimball & Lawrence, an ascending Mormon or Gentile, and a prominent merchant, were arrested by U. S. Marshal Patrick, and held for appearance at this term of Court. The charge in both cases is lascivious cohabitation under the Utah statute.

Thomas Hawkins was arraigned to-day before Judge McKean, on an indictment for adultery, growing out of polygamy, the charge having been made by his first wife. He plead not guilty, and the U. S. Attorney gave notice that he would be ready for trial on Monday.

Vehement and incendiary talk was had in the tabernacle this afternoon, principally by McKenzie, one of Brigham's secretaries.

SALT LAKE Oct. 4.—At an interview with Brigham Young to-day he appeared somewhat improved, and seemed more disposed to converse on the situation.—He laughed upon hearing of the sensational reports sent East, and avowed that there was no quieter or more orderly place on the continent. "Where can there be found," said he, "a people who will submit to as much insult and injustice from those sent to rule over them as the Mormons?" He had not the least feeling of uneasiness or doubt since these proceedings against him and his people had begun. He was pained to hear that President Grant had authorized the crusade. It was, however, simply the power of the Methodist Church which having signally failed in its missionary enterprise to the Saints, now proposes to destroy them with Methodist Governors, Judges, and a packed jury of the Methodist persuasion; but who, by the blessing of God, had totally failed in inducing a single member of Zion's flock to abjure the faith. It was proposed, he said, to prosecute him for lascivious cohabitation under the Utah statute, and try him for bigamy, and finally hold him for various murders committed by Bill Hickman and other outlaws, who were called Danites or destroying angels. They were thoughtful to begin gently with him, but, said he, I am content to abide by every law that is just, for every law that prohibits freedom of religious belief must be decided unconstitutional. The verdict would be the total defeat of the bad men now seeking to injure and disgrace him and his people. If there is any trouble, the responsibility is with these officials who had got it up. He said, "I would go into Court on whatever charge they may look up, and trust to the good sense of the public at large to see that something like justice is done." He was happy to know there was a Supreme Court of the United States, the judges of which were lawyers of justice, and not fools. "I propose," said Brigham, "to have peace here, and I believe Mormons will never do aught to disturb that peace."

There are rumors of other arrests to be made of prominent Mormons, but the signs are that all will yield quietly to the law.

The new Mormon paper is very bitter, and says all these things now come against the church must be paid for, even if the children of those who do them have to sell themselves, body and soul, to discharge the debt.

SALT LAKE, Oct. 5.—A special conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints was held to-day in the new Tabernacle. About 8,000 people were present. The three first Presidents, Brigham Young, Geo. A. Smith and Daniel H. Wells; the twelve apostles and the high priests and other dignitaries were on the platform. Among the speakers were Geo. Q. Cannon, who aspires to succeed Brigham, and Brigham Young, Jr. The remarks were generally bitterly denunciatory of the federal officials termed the ring. Cannon said he did not anticipate that the Mormons would have to leave the Territory. They have broken no law, and had not violated the Constitution. The persecutions now inaugurated against them would only enhance the interest and accelerate the progress of the work of God. He rejoiced that the devil was not yet dead, for they were not yet perfect, and his services could not yet be dispensed with.

Brigham Young, Jr., spoke most excitedly. He said the Mormons had settled this mountain region, and they were entitled to its exclusive occupation and enjoyment. They asked no favors or assistance from any source; they defied all their enemies, the government of the United States included. The government officials now persecuting them were the tools of the devil. He prayed God to curse them all forever. Said he, with violent jesticulation, "Trust to God, keep your powder dry and don't fail to keep on hand a good supply of ammunition." The latter remarks were received with a universal amen and loud cheers and clapping of hands.

SALT LAKE, October 6.—Judge Kean has just adjourned the Grand Jury till November 15th. In doing so His Honor made the following remarks:

"GENTLEMEN:—You have presented to the Court some very important indictments, most of which are not yet made known to the public. You are all business men, and most of you are largely engaged in business enterprises. You have rightly comprehended your duty.—The man is an idiot who does not know that business interests, of all human interests, largely depend upon the enforcement of the laws, and the man is a knave who knows this and yet opposes the enforcement of the laws. The time is near at hand when even idiots will perceive, and knaves confess, that you, gentlemen, are among the best promoters of the highest interests of this territory and of society. Your names and what you have done will be remembered with gratitude by the good and wise in years to come. You ask or permission to adjourn for a time. You shall have it. The Court must remain in session for some weeks yet, but you may adjourn to Monday, the 13th day of November next.—Come back at that time, gentlemen, and there will be more work for you to do.—You have the thanks of the Court for what you have already done."

At the Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ, to-day, different leaders have spoken, all to the glorification of the Mormon Church. One of the apostles remarked significantly, that he was willing, and so were the great bulk of Latter Day Saints, to obey every good and Constitutional law enacted by the government of our country. With laws which were designed to infringe upon his or their rights as freemen, he could not say quite so much.

It is rumored that John Q. Cannon, editor of the News and one of the apostles, will be arrested to-morrow on the charge of lewd and lascivious cohabitation.

NEW YORK, Oct. 6.—W. S. Godbe, of Salt Lake City, one of the principal opposition leaders of Brigham Young's theocracy, who is now in this city, has stated that the present crusade against Mormonism, is not instigated by Methodism, and that Polygamy will probably die out with the present elderly Mormons. Brigham Young is losing prestige very fast. There are no fears of his being assassinated; the people are held together by fanaticism, and on the death of Young Mormonism will expire. Utah is a wealthy country, and before long its admission as a State will solve the Polygamy trouble.

New York Democratic Convention.

ROCHESTER, Oct. 3.—The Convention was called to order by Mr. Tilden, Chairman of the State Central Committee, who delivered an address. He referred to the dangers of the republic from centralizing power. The creed of the Democratic party is comprised in two ideas: first, limiting governmental power; second, throwing back governmental powers upon the States and people. Demoralization prevails in the public trusts to an extent never before known. The Democratic party is predicated upon purity in government. It has never elected to the Presidency any man of as low standing as either of the three Republican Presidents, and the party would reject the man who has filled the public offices with with his relations, or had enriched himself by presents. President Grant may not be conscious of the evil example which he has set, but the tendency of such conduct is dangerous. Referring to the officers of the State of New York, the speaker said that in the era of Democratic ascendancy, corruption was almost unknown; it was otherwise with the Republican party.

Now at this time the Republican dominancy legislative bodies are purchassable twice within 25 years. Offices of the United States are put at auction; the municipal corruptions of New York city are results of irresponsible power; the acting secrecy of the Bureaus Commission, they are the outgrowth of 20 years of Republican Legislative partnership in plunder between men of both parties. In the effort to rescue the country from pervading corruption there should be only a generous rivalry.

In conclusion he said: It is time now that we proclaim and enforce the decree that whoever plunders the people, though he steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil, is no Democrat! reference to the New York official corruptions were enthusiastically applauded. Clarkson N. Potter was then elected temporary Chairman. His election was made by the wishes of all the delegations. Potter then proceeded to deliver an address, in the course of which he was frequently applauded, especially when he called upon the Convention to purge and purify its own party of corruption.

Mr Dewitt then moved the reading of the communication from the Tammany delegation. The communication sets forth that for the sake of the success of the ticket, its right to participate in the Convention is waived. At the same time the delegation pledges their support of the ticket. [Tremendous applause.]

Mr. Dewitt moved, that there being now no regular delegates present from New York, that the roll of that city be omitted. The previous question was ordered and the motion adopted—99 ayes to 4 nays. [Applause.]

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 4.—The evening session was called to order at 8:10—The Committee on Permanent Organization reported for President, Clarkson N. Potter, with eight Vice Presidents and three Secretaries.

Mr. Potter returned thanks for the honor, and the Convention proceeded to business. The following is the substance of the resolutions reported:

Denounce the Administration as false to its pledges and to the Constitution; charge that it has kept alive sectional hate, refused amnesty to submissive citizens and denied peace to the restored States; made the rich richer and the poor poorer; squandered the public lands and now seeks to perpetrate its power by military interference with popular assemblages and elections.

Recognize the emancipation and enfranchisement and equality of the freedmen of the South as inevitable consequences of the civil war and the overthrow of the rebellion, and declare it the duty of all to sustain them in all their rights. Denounce the fraud and corruption in New York, and demand the immediate punishment of those on whom guilt can be fixed; declare this deplorable state of affairs was inaugurated by the Republican party and continued by them through many years, under which the growth of extravagance, peculation and fraud was inevitable, and demand of the next Legislature such further reforms in the city charter as shall eradicate the legislation through which the frauds were possible, and secure among other things an early opportunity for the people to choose new municipal officers, and on the part of the Mayor more complete control, and, as a consequence more complete responsibility for subordinate departments of his administration, and the liability of the Mayors of all cities to be removed by the Governor in the same manner as sheriffs of counties are removed upon proof before him of malfeasance in office or neglect of duty; elections in the spring of each year, so as to place in the hands of the people power to make a complete change in the city government; publicity of accounts at all times, and facility to taxpayers to restrain and punish abuses and to secure speedy trials of offenders.

Favor defining by law the power of towns and counties to create debts and levy taxes.

Declare that while ready to purge local administrations of abuses, we must not forget the corruption of the Federal Government, the profligacies in the Custom House, Internal Revenue boards, in the army and navy and in the highest walks of office, as well as in municipalities, and we call the attention of the people to the fact that this corrupt power triumphed in and controlled the recent Republican Convention at Syracuse.

Denounce the Registry law and approve the passage of the Constitutional amendment now pending, making bribery a ground for challenge to the elector, and denying suffrage alike to him that receives and him that offers a corrupt inducement.

Challenge comparison between the Democratic administration of affairs of the State and that of their adversaries.

Declare that the Government should levy no tax on imports except for revenue purposes; that the revenue should be moderate and based upon the value of property taxed; that raw material cannot be especially taxed without unjust burdens laid upon domestic manufacturers; that our present tariff violates every principle of political economy, debauches our politics and drives our manufacturers from all foreign markets; that in the present circumstances of the country an ample revenue for the payment of interest and large instalments of the principal of the debt and further ordinary expenses of government, can be had without laying any tariff whatever upon necessary articles, such as iron, coal, clothing, medicines and all materials used in the mechanical arts.

Endorses Governor Hoffman, and declares that he has borne himself with such integrity, courage and devotion to duty as to command the confidence and gratitude not only of his political supporters, but of the most intelligent and appreciative citizens of the State.

That now that apprehensions are expressed that the religious and civil equality of citizens is menaced, we renew the pledge of our fidelity to the great Democratic doctrine, equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever creed or nationality, and special favors to none.

ROCHESTER, Oct. 5.—On the assembling of the Democratic Convention, Mr. Cassidy offered a resolution that hereafter no delegate will be received from the city of New York, as a member of the State Convention, unless he has been elected by the Assembly of the District Convention, as is customary in other parts of the State; that in the proceedings of the Convention, each district must be separately called, and each delegate individually announce his own vote.

Mr. Murray moved to substitute the word State for city, which was rejected by a vote of 88 to 18. The resolution was then adopted.

Mr. Hurman moved that a hearing be given Mr. Ottendorfer, and two other members of the reform delegation from New York city be heard on behalf of their claims to seats.

Mr. Delharty insisted that the question of representation from New York, was settled on yesterday.

After discussion the resolution was adopted with only four or five negative votes.

Mr. Tilden, in his remarks, favored the resolution, and charged that the action of the Convention yesterday, was secretly concocted at midnight and sprung upon the Convention.

It was then agreed that in the hearing to be had now, Mr. Ottendorfer should be the first speaker. He declared that it was not the purpose of the delegation nor its constituents to throw a brand of disturbance into the Convention, but it was its purpose to have this Convention of delegates from New York, which denounced the abhorred corruptions of Tammany Hall. He thought the action of the Convention yesterday would reflect great dishonor.

He was followed by Mr. Lawrence, a member of the delegation, who said they were aggrieved at the action yesterday; it would not do to say that Tammany Hall had regular organization; the Tammany delegation came here with a cloud contessedly hanging over them, and they had run away. He asked the Convention if they would go on with the city of New York unrepresented.

William E. Curtiss then spoke, saying he had a letter from that life long Democrat, Chas. O'Connor, which he would ask to be read. The letter refers to the field which the city of New York presents to the contending parties for purposes of political speculation, and that some successful adventurers this field had not been content with enjoying in secret their illgotten gains, but had haunted their magnificence before the public gaze. The people were pressing for redress with an energy which was irresistable. The action of the Democratic Convention should evince nothing less than absolute freedom from all complicity with the great official crimes of the day. The impeached individuals are not few in number, and have not been deemed deed or word exponents of Democratic opinions. If the present city rulers or avowed friends should be received into the Convention on any terms or tolerated by it. The odium of their position would inevitably attach to the party who cannot continue to exist unless the Convention stand aloof from these individuals until their fitness for public confidence shall have been satisfactorily vindicated by a fair public investigation. Mr. O'Connor refers at length upon the peculations of the city officials, and says that until judicial investigation determines otherwise, the accused parties cannot be deemed trustworthy; their trials would be a farce while the men themselves are in power, as to the power they have over the ballot box is added their authority over the jury box.

Mr. Tilden said he was about to make a motion, and, being pressed, he moved to proceed to the nomination of a State ticket. Some confusion ensued, but order was preserved, when Mr. Tilden denounced Tammany, and declared that he would vote against the candidates for the Legislature made by that organization. If that was undemocratic, he would resign his position as Chairman of the State Committee, and retire to his plundered fellow citizens. [Applause.]

The motion to proceed to nominations was carried. Magnus Gross was nominated for Secretary of State, but the Reform delegation, of which he was a member, said they would prefer not to have any of their members on the ticket. [Cheers.] Deidrich Willers then received the nomination for Secretary of State, A. V. Nichols for Comptroller, W. H. Bristol for Treasurer. The name of O'Connor was presented for Attorney General, but several said he would not accept the nomination. After some debate, a vote upon the nominees resulted in the choice of M. B. Chaplain, by a vote of 62 to 42 for O'Connor. Van Richmond was nominated for State Engineer, G. W. Chapman for Canal Commissioner, D. B. McNeil for Inspector of State Prisons.

The selection of the State Commissioner was then made, with Tilden as chairman, after which convention adjourned.

Prohibitory Convention.

BOSTON, Oct. 4.—The Prohibitory State Convention met to-day and organized by the choice of Hon. Whiting Griswold as President. Considerable excitement ensued upon a motion to allow Ada C. Bowles to present a memorial of the Massachusetts Woman's Suffrage Association. The motion was at length carried by a large majority.

The Convention has nominated Judge Pittman for Governor.

A resolution offered by Miss Ada C. Bowles, demanding Woman Suffrage, was not adopted, but it raised quite a breeze.

The balance of the State Ticket is—For Lieut. Governor, Eliphalet Frost, of Springfield; Secretary of State, George S. Ball of Upton; Treasurer, John J. Baker, of Beverly; Attorney General, Samuel D. Field, of Shelburne Falls; Auditor, Ezra S. Conant, of Randolph.

Drouth in the Northwest.

CHICAGO, Oct. 6.—The drouth now prevailing in the west is probably unequalled in its history, certainly for the past 25 years. All through central and southern Illinois wells and small streams are completely dried up and the inhabitants find great difficulty in obtaining sufficient water to supply the necessities of their households and their stock. Many of the wealthiest farmers are engaged in sinking artesian wells, preferring to incur this heavy expenditure rather than trusting to a natural supply for the future. So dry is the soil that fall plowing is rendered almost impossible. The fact is true not only of central and southern Illinois, but also in northern Illinois and all through the west.

GREAT FIRES IN THE NORTH-WEST

Terrible Fires—3,000 Square Miles of Conflagration—Fearful Losses.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 4.—A special to the News to day, from Green Bay, says the fires which have been raging in the woods between there and Lake Michigan have extended across the Fox river and covered a strip of thirty miles wide in Shawana and Oconto counties, and the big lumbering towns of Marinette and Peshtigo are threatened with destruction. The fires are now raging over 3,000 square miles of territory. One hundred families are burned out of their homes. The refugees are in Green Bay and other towns, and at least one hundred others are in an equally bad condition. Houses, barns, farm buildings, bridges, fences, and absolutely everything has been destroyed. Thousands of square miles of valuable pine forests are destroyed. The bears and other wild beasts have been driven in dismay from the woods, and are fleeing in every direction across the fields. The entire population are fighting the fire without success, and many have fallen down suffocated by the heat and smoke, and been carried by their comrades to places of safety. All supplies for man and beast in at least fifty townships have been destroyed, and starvation during the coming winter stares them in the face.

GREEN BAY, Wis., Oct. 4.—The fires which are now prevailing in the six or seven northeastern counties of Wisconsin have never had a parallel since the settlement of the country. The drouth which has prevailed since early in August has dried up the springs, streams and all vegetation, and has parched the ground to such a depth below the surface that the soil itself acts as a conductor, and living trees are falling from the action of the fire which undermines them. All outstanding property is swept away, there being so little water in available situations to stop the fires. Barns and their contents, hay stacks, cord wood and other property, together with hundreds of miles of fences, are burned, as no resistance could be offered to the approaching fires. There are yet no authentic accounts of the loss of life, although a family in Kewenac county and some Indians in Shawana county are reported burned. The hardest fight against the flames was made at the many saw mills which are located among the pine forests in this region; but many of them have been burned. All the available force which could be obtained from the adjacent villages has been called to the assistance of the threatened mills and settlements, in some cases with avail and in others not. The work has been long and harrassing, and the men are so tired with the smoke and fatigue, that in many places the contest has been given up. In places where there was no water, the only available plan has been to dig trenches around the property, but the least wind carries large flakes of burning bark through the air and renders all such means useless.

The Advocate of to-day has an account of the fire in the counties of Brown, Kewanee, Door, Oconto, Outagomie, Manitowoc and Shawana. It estimates that an area of 1,500 square miles are definitely known to be burned. Others are said to be burned, but the reports need confirmation. In Kewanee county from sixty to eighty dwelling houses and barns have been burned, and the inhabitants are seeking the lake shore for safety.

At Horn's Pier, a store with goods six dwelling houses and shops, with barns and other buildings were burned, and it is said that the inhabitants saved themselves by fleeing to the pier and taking up the planks communicating with the shore. Two Rivers, Two Creeks, Ahaupee and Kewanee and other villages have been more or less damaged. In Door county, next north, great quantities of cord wood, railroad ties, telegraph poles and other property got out for shipment, have been burned, in addition to the losses in barns, fences, etc. On the west side of Green Bay and Fox River, the flames extend from Menominee to Oshkosh, a distance of 120 miles in length and 30 in breadth. This region is one of alternate pine and hardwood timber, and is thickly settled with milling and farming settlers. Hay stacks, fences, and bridges on roads, are mostly gone. In some cases large lots of pine logs in dried up streams are burned. Very little travel is practicable, and it is with difficulty that any definite particulars can be obtained.

Along the line of the C. & N. W. Railway, the fire extends close up to the track on either side, for many miles between Depaw and Appleton, threatening bridges and culverts, burning fences, ties and cordwood, and requiring the closest vigilance in operating the road. Along the extension of the same road, now building northward, a considerable amount of ties, and one of the laborers' shanties, with all its contents, have been consumed. Deer and bears come out on the railroad and wagon roads, and could be shot, but nobody has time to devote to that.

On the line of the Green Bay & Lake Pepin Railway, a grade of half a mile of corduroy substructure, three thousand ties and hundreds of cords of wood, belonging to the road, are burned, besides property of much greater value belonging to farmers. All the bridges on the line of the Manitowoc road, for twenty miles east of Green Bay, are consumed.

The fire extends to the city limits of Green Bay on the east, and is running over the adjacent marshes. The city is not regarded as in danger, though cinders and ashes are falling in the streets. The smoke is so dense to-day that buildings two blocks distant are not visible. On the west the fire has approached the village limits of Fort Howard, immediately opposite on the river, and large forces of men are engaged in staying its progress. What will be the result to the standing pine and other timber of these counties cannot yet be ascertained. No access to the forests is practicable, and nothing can be estimated except from the effects of the fire on the settlements, where it penetrates the ground from one to two feet, and destroys the life of the trees. The atmosphere is foggy, with some appearance of rain. It will take a heavy and drenching rain to saturate the ground completely and stop the progress of the fire.

ST. PAUL, Minn., October 6.—The great prairie fire is still raging with unabated fury, although the slight rain yesterday staid its progress a little. The course of the fire is southeast, and up to last accounts, it had reached as nearly far south as the Iowa border, and eastward as far as the Minnesota river, which is hoped will stay its progress. The high wind of yesterday, drove it forward with lightning rapidity, and was burning fiercely in the big woods around Glencoe, Lesur, Mankato and New Ulm. The reports of the ravages of the fire fiend are constantly coming, through evidently greatly exaggerated. The loss, so far, as positively shown, is confirmed to houses, barns, fences, hay, wheat, and farm stock. Only two lives are actually known to have been lost, that of a Swede named Conesut, of Kandyohe county, and a man whose name is unknown, who started from the same county with a drove of cattle, for Fort Garry, and were overtaken by the fire.

There is no means of ascertaining the amount of damage done owing to the large tract of country over which the fire has swept, and its inaccessible nature; but it must be very heavy. Some small towns have been completely destroyed, and solitary farm houses in the track of the fire have almost invariably been destroyed. The amount of suffering must necessarily be great as many farmers have lost everything, homestead, live stock, and crops, with a long winter close upon them.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 7.—News from the northern fires to-day report that they are raging worse than ever. A man just arrived at Fort Howard from Peshaukee says thirty men were burned to death at that place, and part of the town and one mill. The rest, he thinks, is gone by this time.

NEW YORK, Oct. 6.—At the meeting of the Democratic Reformers last evening, the Convention adopted a resolution that they would never under any circumstances, support any candidate nominated by or having any connection with Tammany Hall. Judge Barnard was thanked for his charge to the Grand Jury and promised assistance in his effort to suppress illegal voting.

During a trial at the general session to day, a lumber inspector named Wm. E. Demorest, summoned specially by Recorder Hackett, was questioned as to whether he was the author of a letter in the Sun bearing his signature, and in which the Recorder and District Attorney are informally charged with corruption in being influenced by politicians to adjourn the trial of that case. Witness declined to answer, and the Recorder branded him as a malicious, lying scoundrel and turned him off the stand.

Great Fire in Chicago!

CHICAGO, Oct. 8—12:30 A. M.—The most terrible conflagration that ever occurred in this city, broke out an hour and a half ago, and, having already swept over six entire blocks, is still raging with almost unabated fury. The fire started in a large planing mill situated between Clinton and Canal, and Van Buren and Jackson streets, about the center of the block formed by these streets. The wind was blowing very fresh, and the flames spread with almost incredible rapidity. In a few minutes the entire structure was a mass of fire. The immediate vicinity is built up mainly with small wooden tenement houses and two story frame buildings occupied as groceries, saloons, &c. The inmates of many of these houses were startled from slumber and had barely time to rush from the houses in scanty attire, leaving their household goods to destruction. In several instances children were hastily wrapped in blankets and quilts to break the force of their fall, and thrown from second story windows to the ground—When the alarm sounded for this fire, another of considerable magnitude was burning on Wells street, and several engines were necessarily kept at work upon this. The rest of the engines were soon on the ground, but before they arrived the fire had spread over so large an area, and was so rapidly spreading, that their efforts seemed of little avail. Between Canal street and the river were several lumber yards, which are entirely destroyed. At this hour the fire has made a clean sweep from Van Buren street north two blocks to Adams, and west to Clinton, three blocks from the river. The wharves between Van Buren and Jackson streets are burning, and the wood work of the western approach to the Adams street bridge is destroyed. A large coal yard, containing thousands of tons of soft coal, situated between the tracks of the Chicago & Alton, and Pittsburg & Fort Wayne Railroad tracks and the river, is on fire and burning furiously. The immense grain elevator of Vincent, Nelson & Co., one of the finest in the city, is immediately adjoining and though intended to be fire proof, there seems little doubt but that it will be destroyed, as the intense heat to which it is subjected will crack the slate with which it is covered, both roof and sides. It contains many thousand bushels of grain of all kinds.

The scenes in the vicinity of the conflagration are indescribable. Half of the population of the city seems gathered there. Tugs in the river are engaged in towing to places of safety the vessels moored in the neighborhood, while locomotives are hastily pulling out the great number of cars standing on the tracks in the path of the flames. At this writing it is impossible to give an estimate of losses, but they are already very large, and the fire appears to be scarcely checked. So far as could be ascertained, when the reporter left the scene, no lives are known to be lost, yet it will be miraculous if it should prove to be the case.

LATER—1:30 A. M.—The fire is apparently raging as fiercely as ever. The block of buildings on the north side of Van Buren street, which it was thought an hour ago, would be saved, are now wrapped in flames. The elevator is safe so far, and the flames seem to be spreading south and west, notwithstanding the wind is now directly from the south, and blowing hard. The glare from the blazing buildings lights the streets half a mile away, so that one may see to read. The entire fire department is now on the ground, and making almost superhuman efforts to stay the flames. The losses probably already run into millions, and the end is not yet.

CHICAGO, Oct. 8.—About one o'clock this morning, shortly after sending the last dispatch detailing the progress of the fire in the western division, the flames were arrested and under complete control of the fire department, and I am now enabled to give a more intelligent and greatly modified estimate of their devastating effects. The space burned over embraces four blocks bounded on the north by Adams street, on the west by Clinton, south by Van Buren, and east by the Chicago river. Some four or five buildings within the limits named remained uninjured, among them Vincent, Nelson & Co.'s grain warehouse, which escaped any serious damage.

The grounds burned over were covered with lumber yards, coal yards, wood yards, a planing mill, box factory, vinegar factory, &c., and a large number of dwellings and saloons of the poorer class. A close estimate of the entire loss places it at from $250,000 to $300,000, with probably one half of that insurance. The fire had its origin in Lull & Holmes' planing mill on Canal street, near Van Buren, and as the wind was fresh from the south, the flames spread north and thence east, and within the space of half an hour the whole district named was all ablaze, and by one o'clock the work was ended.

The saddest result of this fire was the burning to death of Mrs. Margaret Hadley, living on the north side of Jackson street, who being suddenly surrounded by the flames was unable to escape. Her remains were burned to a cinder, and were found this morning in the place where she was last seen alive in her own house.

CHICAGO, Oct. 8—10 P. M.—A fire is now raging in the West Division, which appears to be as large as the great fire last night. The alarm was given at 9:20 P. M., from Halstead street and Canal avenue, a distance of 2½ miles from the court house.

11½ P. M.—The fire in the west division is raging with unabated fury. The fire commenced near Taylor street, midway between Delavan and Jefferson, and is spreading in every direction, and covers at least four blocks. At this hour it still seems beyond control. The blocks are built up solidly, almost exclusively of two story frame houses, occupied as residences, boarding houses, saloons, groceries, &c. The loss is already large, and it is now feared that it will prove more destructive in its character than the one last night. It is impossible yet to learn but a very few names of the sufferers. The entire list will probably embrace several hundred. No approximate estimate can be made of the total loss, as the progress of the flames has not yet been arrested.

Fire Marshal Williams has just telegraphed to Milwaukee for all the steamers they can spare. The conflagration has already devastated at least twenty blocks, mostly composed of the smaller class of dwellings, inhabited mainly by poor people. Not less than three hundred buildings have been entirely destroyed, and more than that number of families rendered homeless. The wind is blowing almost a gale from the south, and showers of sparks and burning brands are sweeping over the city, threatening destruction on every hand. Since this report commenced two additional alarms have been struck. The tower of the court house caught from flying brands, but was extinguished by the watchman.

OCT. 9, 12:45 A. M.—To-night is the most awful in the annals of the city. The fire which commenced at 10 P. M., has already swept over a space at least three times as large as that of last night, and is still running on its path of destruction with greater fury than has marked any stage of its progress, the engines appearing almost powerless.

No description can give an adequate idea of the terrible scene. The fire started in a row of low wooden tenements on DeKaren street, between Jefferson and Clinton, and, as was the case last night, spread with terrible rapidity. Before a single engine could get on the ground, half of the block was in flames and burning furiously. The entire fire department were soon on the spot and at work. For a time it seemed probable that they would succeed in confining it to an area of four or five blocks. The wind, however, which was blowing freshly when the fire started, increased to a gale, and suddenly the flames seemed to spread in every direction, becoming entirely beyond the control of the fire department.

1:45 A. M.—The fire is still racing, and with increased fury. It has spread almost with the velocity of the wind, and has now reached West Monroe street, a distance of more than a mile from where it started, and it covers a breadth of nearly half a mile, reaching from the river to Jefferson street. The district already burned embraces an immense number of lumber yards and all the freight depots of the Chicago & St. Louis and Fort Wayne & Chicago railroads. The property already destroyed counts up many millions of dollars, and perhaps the half is not told. The task of arresting it seems five fold greater now than it did an hour ago, and no one dare venture an opinion as to when or where it will stop.

Brands from the fire were blown across to the east side of the river, and set a wooden building on fire directly adjoining the Chicago gas house. The flames spread in every direction, the buildings being all of the tinder box kind. The prospect is that the gas house will be destroyed, and the city wrapped in darkness. A terrible panic is prevailing throughout the city. Almost everybody—men, women and children—are in the streets, and praying, weeping and wailing is heard in every direction. It now looks as if the whole city might be destroyed.

Of course large numbers of lives have been sacrificed, but how many cannot be known until the progress of the flames have been arrested. The alarm bell has just commenced an unceasing peal, which is intended to call every sleeper from his bed. The panic is increasing, and the people seem almost crazy with alarm. The vessels in the river are catching fire in every direction, and all in the South river will probably be destroyed.

1:45 A. M.—A raging, roaring hell of fire envelopes twenty blocks of the city. It is already within a block of the telegraph office where this dispatch is written, and sweeping onward in a whirlwind of flame, against which human efforts are powerless. It is impossible to tell where it will stop. The bridge across Van Buren street is burned. Shipping in the river, cars on the tracks of the Chicago & Alton and Fort Wayne Railroads, with the immense freight house, are swept away. No language can describe the awful scene. The flames swept through the blocks of wood buildings with the rapidity of a prairie fire. Thousands of people fill the streets, rushing out of the building in many instances barely in time to save their lives.

CHICAGO, Oct. 9—10 A. M.—LATEST.—The entire business portion of the city is destroyed! All the banks, express and telegraph offices, all the newspaper offices, except the Tribune, six elevators and the Water works are gone! There is no water in the city! Not less than ten thousand buildings are already destroyed! The fire has burned a distance of five miles, and is still raging, the wind blowing a gale!

CINCINNATI, Oct. 9—A mass meeting is being held here, presided over by Governor Hayes, for the relief of the Chicago sufferers.

CHICAGO, 12:45 P. M.

The fire is now working south. Whole blocks of buildings on Wabash avenue are being blown up to prevent further spread. The fire has reached Harrison street, on Wabash avenue. The north side to Lincoln Park is in ruins. The Tribune office is the only building standing north of Van Buren street. All the hotels and passenger depots have been destroyed.

Everything north of 12th street is destroyed. About 70 of the Lake Shore cars have been burned up. The fire is working to the southward.

CHICAGO, Oct. 9—Noon.—The whole business portion of the city is in ashes, from Harrison street north to Chicago avenue and east of the river to Lake avenue, three miles in length.

ENGLEWOOD, (ten miles from Chicago,) Oct. 9, 11 a. m. The work of devastation continues. More than one half of the city has already been destroyed, and the flames continue their ravages almost unopposed. At about 1 o'clock this morning the fire crossed the river at Adams street bridge and soon destroyed the gas works, and then spread itself in every direction, and at this hour almost every building from Harrison street north to the Chicago river is destroyed, including all insurance offices, banks, hotels, telegraph offices, newspaper establishments, with the single exception of the Tribune which is fire proof, the court house, Sherman House, Tremont House, Palmer House, New Pacific Hotel, new Bigelow House, in fact every hotel and every thing else is swept clean. The reign of fire and brimstone on Sodom and Gomorrah can hardly be compared to the devastations of the fire fiend.

CHICAGO, Oct. 9.—At least fifty thousand people are homeless. For miles and miles the streets are lined with household goods. We dare not think what the loss of life may be.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 9.—The Common Council met at one o'clock and resolved to appropriate $100,000 for the relief of Chicago, despite of legal inability so to do, but pledge the people to demand legislation to make the charity legal.

ST. LOUIS, Oct 9.—The mass meeting at noon, was the largest meeting ever held in Chicago. Committees to receive contributions were appointed to canvass for contributions. The Merchants' Exchange subscribed ten thousand dollars, and many firms from $500 to $1000 each.

CHICAGO, Oct. 10.—The fire was checked last night, after having destroyed the entire business portion of the city, and deprived 100,000 people of their homes and places of business.

A Little Out of Place.

The *National Baptist* gives the following on the authority of the Rev. F. C. Morris: A parrot, belonging to some friends of mine, was generally taken out of the room when the family assembled for prayers, for fear that he might take it into his head to join irreverently in the responses. One evening, however, his presence happened to be unnoticed, and he was entirely forgotten. For some time he maintained a decorous silence, but at length, instead of "Amen," out he came with "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!" On this the butler was directed to remove him, and had got as far as the door with him, when the bird, perhaps thinking he had committed himself, and had better apologize, called out, "Sorry I spoke." The overpowering effect on the company may be more easily imagined than described.

The frigate Constitution, familiarly known as the "Old Ironsides," arrived at Philadelphia a few days since. This vessel was built in 1797, at Boston, and became famous in the war of 1812 by her successful engagement with the British war ship Guerriere. For several years back she has been in use at Annapolis as a school ship, but her timbers becoming rotten, and the Government having determined to keep the old craft afloat for memories of the past, she has been sent to Philadelphia for rebuilding, and will be turned out a first class screw frigate.

MEXICO, Sept. 12, via Matamoras, Oct. 2.—Juarez was installed as President last night, amidst great excitement, but all is again quiet.

There are rumors of a change in the Cabinet.

The President's message is conciliatory but firm. It recommends material improvements in the building of railroads, for protecting the coast, and caution in making treaties with foreign nations. The President has a majority in Congress.

Another revolution has begun in Nuevo Leon.

Gen. Pedros Martinez has pronounced against the Juarez government and state authorities. Several other chieftains have joined the movement and their combined forces are said to be marching on Camargo and Matamoras with a view to occupying the Custom House on the frontier. The first step taken by the authorities of Nuevo Leon was to throw into prison all employes of the Federal Government. It is expected that the revolution will become general.

The Matamoras frontier is yet quiet. General Policis has issued a proclamation urging the fight for Juarez. Great preparations are being made at Matamoras for defense. All the cavalry has left for the front. Great excitement is reported from all parts of Mexico.

HARTFORD, Conn., Oct. 5.—Returns from 137 towns show that the Republicans have carried 77 and the Democrats 40. In some towns the mixed ticket was elected. The Republicans gain 17 towns and the Democrats one.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

At the annual meeting of the Connecticut Woman's Suffrage Association, held here to-day, Mrs Isabella Hooker was elected President for the ensuing year—The attendance was not large. Resolutions were adopted recommending the advocates of Women Suffrage to vote only for those who support the enfranchisement doctrine.

High-Heeled Hoots, Chinese Feet and Crooken Shins.

It is worthy of note that, while a malignant hatred of the Chinese is fomented under cover of hostility to their immigration, our females have fallen in love with Chinese costumes and customs, to some respects, and accepted them as models. The pictures of Chinese ladies, to which one has been accustomed for many years, bear a close resemblance to the American belle of the present day. The repulsive hump, the crippled feet, and the mincing gait of our women, if they do not fortify the Darwinian theory of the origin of the species from monkey, at least give the appearance of retrograding monkeywards. The dress, unmouth and deforming as it is, would not of itself deserve notice; but the high heels, crippling the feet, and distorting the limbs, are an outrage of grace on anatomy, on humanity, entitling the authors, could they be detected, to criminal responsibility. A convention of corn doctors, in the interests of their trade, could not devise a better scheme for good times. Women whose pedals are solidified may escape with only corns, of which we hope and pray they may have a full and tender crop. But that a whole generation of little girls should have their toes jammed into the points of their boots, to do the work of heels, and that their legs should be thrown out of the natural balance, and the pliant bones bent into semi-circles, is a sacrifice to fashion which would disgrace a nation of Hottentots. Should the wicked custom hold a few years, there will not be a decent foot or an esthetic leg in our female population, except among washerwomen and the like. And all this is but a trifle compared with the mischief done to the pelvis, spine, and chest, by the constrained attitude which the abnormal elevation of the heel must of necessity induce. Fashion is at best a cruel tyrant; but the whole history of her capricious rule does not exhibit a grosser violation of natural laws, and a more unpardonable assault on the beauty and health of woman, than the invention of high-heeled boots.—*Pacific Medical Journal.*

Those serene imbeciles, the holders of Confederate cotton bonds, still traffic in that variety of waste paper, the latest quotations being five cents on the dollar.

PHONOGRAPHY. The latest Phonographic Instruction Books, Magazines and Literature, can be had from W. GEO. WARING, American Phonetic Depot, Tyrone, Pa. Explanatory Tracts, etc., free for a stamp. oct12w4(2)

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THE BOY AT THE FOUNTAIN

BY GEO. F. ROOT

A little boy a fountain sought,
From whose clear sparkling water burst,
And quick with eager joy he quaffed
That kindly gift to relieve his thirst.
Then, gracefully he touched his cap,
"I thank you fountain bright," he said,
"For this nice drink you've given me,
To stop my thirst and cooling head."

Then said the fountain, "Little man,
You welcome are to what I've done,
But I am not the one to thank,
I only help the water run."
"And," said the water, "don't thank me,
For up the hill-side lies the spring
That sends me forth with generous hand
To gladden every living thing."

"Oh, don't thank me, for what am I
Without the dew and summer rain?
Without their aid I never could quench
Your thirst, my little boy, again."
"Oh, well, then," said the olive boy,
"I'll gladly thank the rain and dew."
"Pray, don't thank me without the sun
We could not fill one cup for you."

"Then, Mr. Sun, ten thousand thanks
For all that you have done for me."
"Stop!" said the sun, with blushing face,
"My little fellow, don't thank me,
"Twas from the ocean's mighty stores
I drew the draught I gave to thee."
"O ocean, thanks!" then said the boy—
It echoed back "Not unto me."

"Not unto me, but unto Him
Who formed the depth in which I lie,
Go give thy thanks, my little boy,
To Him who will thy wants supply."
The boy took off his cap and said,
In tone so gentle and subdued,
"O God, I thank thee for this gift,
Thou art the Giver of all good."

How We Caught the Wolverine.

About half a mile to the westward of my old home in Oxford county, there was a rocky precipice they used to call the "fall off." It fell off at the end of the ridge, upon which the half dozen farms which made up our rustic neighborhood were situated.

Going out through the pastures, you came suddenly upon the very brink of it, and look down a hundred and fifty feet into a wild, inky looking sheet of water, called "Winona's Pond." For Winona, a pretty Indian girl, jumped over here into the pond (at least that's what they say), years ago.

Some say it was because her lover had deserted her for another pretty squaw. And another story is, that he had been taken prisoner and burned to death by a band of Mohawks, who sometimes used to come down the Kennebec and Penobscot in their war canoes. Whichever is true, the poor maiden must have been in a desperate state of mind; for a bare glance over it into the waters beneath is enough to make one's "hair stand."

Down some fifty feet from the top there is a narrow crevice, or rather shelf, running along the side, only a foot or two in width, but always damp and mossy from the trickling waters. And here a pine tree, a tall, slender trunk, almost rubbing against the rocks, has grown up, the green boughs of its top just visible as you come out through the pasture toward the brink of the crag.

Grandfather's farm was the last one on the ridge, the one nearest the "fall-off," and the sheep-pasture extended out to it.

It was in "harvesting time"—last of September. I had gone down to salt the sheep one morning. Grandfather had a small flock of "Southdowns," a breed lately imported, of which he was very proud.

They were great pets, very tame, and always "under foot," as grandfather used to say. But this morning they failed to appear in answer to call. Thinking they had perhaps jumped the fence, I kept on, calling as I went, down toward the lower side of the pasture; when, on coming near the edge of the crag, a sad sight met my eyes.

There lay the whole flock, huddled together. At first I had thought they were asleep, and ran toward them to scare them up. But they did not stir; and I soon saw that their white fleeces were drabbled with blood! Eleven of them lying there—all dead! Not torn in pieces, nor mangled; but each had a great gaping bite in the neck, where the life-blood had been sucked out.

"What blood-thirsty beast had done this?"

Dogs sometimes kill sheep; but no dog would have made such a wholesale slaughter, I felt sure. Wolves perhaps, and I ran back to the house with the sad tidings. Grandfather could scarcely believe my story, and went hastily down. He had taken so much pains to procure them that it was a bitter disappointment.

"No, no," he said, gazing sorrowfully upon his dead favorites. "Not wolves' work, they tear and mangle."

"Perhaps it was a bear," said Jud Edwards. (The Edwards owned the farm above) who had run to the pasture with us.

"Not a bear, either. A bear wouldn't have killed more than one or two at a time; and you would have seen the pelt taken off and rolled up as nicely as a butcher could have done it. It was some creature of the cat kind. It ought to be destroyed, or it will kill all the sheep in the neighborhood."

"Might leave one of the dead sheep here, over night, and we'll come there and watch for him," said Jud.

"Yes, we can do that," said grandfather. "I have no doubt the creature will be back as soon as it is dark. Load your guns; put in a good grist of heavy shot; and if he does come back don't fail to kill him."

As soon as it was fairly dark, Jud and I sallied out, with our old "flint-lock" guns well charged, and lying down behind an old log seven or eight rods from the dead sheep, began our vigils.

An hour passed. It had grown dark. Down by the cliff we could distinguish the white fleece, and we kept our eyes on it.

"Isn't there something there?" whispered Jud, at length. "Look sharp!"

A dark object seemed occasionally to come between us and the white wool; and by and-by we heard a sort of crunching noise, as if bones were being gnawed.

"He's there," muttered Jud. "Let's fire."

Taking as good aim as we could over the log, we blazed away.

A wheezy growl followed the reports, and the dark form glided off toward the crag, a moment later we heard the bows of the pine rustle, and there was a scrambling noise as if the creature were descending the trunk.

"We didn't hit him!" shouted Jud.—"He's gone down the rocks by the tree!"

We ran up as near as we dared to get; but there was nothing to be seen or heard, now.

"He has a den down among the rocks, probably," said grandfather, on hearing the result of our watch.

The next morning we all went down to reconnoitre. The carcass had been nearly devoured during the night; the beast had probably returned to it after we had gone home. There were no signs of a den, though, from the top of the cliff. We could not see over the cliff very well, as it was so nearly perpendicular. But the top of the pine looked as if something had jumped into it, and there were scratches up and down the trunk.

"He has a den down there somewhere," said grandfather. "Strong place too."

A strong place, indeed. No person would care to venture down over those ragged rocks after him, certainly. That afternoon Jud and I went round the crag down to the pond.

Old Hughy Watson, who used to fish and trap for all the country round, made from a log, in a secluded, sandy cove, a little scow, which he called it—hitched to an alder stump, not far off. Getting into this, we paddled opposite the "fall-off" to see if we could discover the den. The water was very black and deep there, and the cliff seemed to overhang the pond. The shelf on which the pine grew was fully a hundred feet from the water, and the tree itself looked like a little sapling. But on getting within ten or a dozen rods of the side, we discerned a fissure or hole, a few yards from the foot of the pine.

"That must be the mouth of a den," said Jud, "the place where he goes in. He stays there days, and comes out nights to prowl about."

We had stopped paddling, and while we were looking up to the place, a large gray creature crept out of the hole, and walking cautiously along the shelf, sharpened its claws in the trunk of the pine, stretched and then crouched down in the sun.

We had taken our guns, but it was much too far and too high to hit him.

"Let's fire, though," said Jud. Aiming over the side of the canoe, we let another dose of shot fly at him, and heard it rattle on the rocks. The animal jumped up, spit like a cat, and crawled hastily back into the fissure.

"Spoiled his nap, anyhow," said Jud.

"Tell you what we can do, though," continued he, as we paddled back. "We can borrow old Hughy's bear-trap, and set it at the top of the crag, at the place where he jumps out of the pine."

Hughy was quite willing to lend us his trap, when he heard what a loss grandfather had met with. It was a monstrous great thing, weighed seventy or eighty pounds, and the jaws were armed with large, sharp teeth, which matched together. And the springs were so stiff that even Hughy had to use a lever to bend them into place when he set it. Putting it on a stout pole between us, we lugged it down to the ledge, and using the pole for a lever, managed, after considerable prying, to set it.

Hunters never chain a trap for a bear. They merely "clog" it; that is, they fasten a heavy log of green wood to the trap, and so let the bear drag it till he is tired. But we chained this to the root of a stump, placing it in such a way that when the creature jumped from the top of the pine to the rocks, he would be likely to jump into it.

"Once let him get his paw in there," said Jud, "and he'll have to wait and settle his mutton bill."

The next morning we ran down in expectation of finding a prisoner. But there sat the trap, just as we had placed it. It was evident that the beast had been out of his den, though, for the carcase was nearly devoured. He had dined and gone back. Probably couldn't see any good reason for jumping into the trap as long as he could jump over it.

We now changed the position of the trap, and covered it over with dry grass, to conceal it from sight.

During the night he finished the mutton, but did not condescend to step into the trap. He must have taken a long jump aside.

"I do believe he will outwit us, after all," said Jud, peeping over into the abyss. "If we could only set the trap down there on that shelf, at the foot of the tree, he would have to go over to it then, it's so narrow there."

"Yes, but how are we to get the trap down there?" said I.

"We can let it down with a rope, and hitch the rope up here at the top. If he gets into it we can draw him up."

"It would take a long rope, and a strong one, too."

"Yes. That one on the old 'tackle and fall' would do; that's both long and strong."

We got the rope, and looping one end of it round the stump, tied the other to the trap all set as it was, and easing over the edge, let it slide down the rocks. But it kept springing. We had to draw it up and rest it half a dozen times. Finally, however, we got it safely lodged on the shelf near the foot of the pine.

"Have hard work to jump by that," said Jud. "He has to walk pretty cautious along that shelf."

Fastening the rope securely at the top, we left it for night to decide.

Early the next morning a frightful snarling and growling began to be heard—even at the house; and running hastily down through the pasture, we beheld the upper end of the rope convulsed by frantic jerks from below.

"We have a *bite*, at last, I guess," laughed Jud. Peering over we could just see him—a great, fierce-looking creature, caught by one foot and dangling over the edge of the shelf. No wonder he snarled.

Grandfather followed us down.

"Draw him up, boys," said he, after taking a look over. "We will put the poor brute out of his agony as soon as we can. You draw him up, and I'll stand ready to shoot him as soon as he is in sight."

It was about as much as we could do; but tugging hard, we slowly pulled up the rope. The growls filled the air, and resounding from the rocks, echoed across the pond. He didn't like to come, and was constantly springing and jerking.

Of course we were anxious to have the shooting part done before he arrived at the top of the cliff.

"Now be sure to hit him, grandfather," said Jud, "because he might chaw us up if you don't!"

"Yes, yes! pull steady!"

But while yet a few yards from the top, the creature caught his claws into a crevice, and, with a sudden leap upward, showed his wild fierce face over the edge. Seized with a panic, we let go the rope, and down he went. Trap and beast together falling fifty feet, were too much for the rope; it snapped. A wild yell rang up. We heard the trap clanking and clattering down the rocks, and anon a sullen plunge far below, and saw the widening ripples chase each other out into the pond.

Going round and down to the shore, we took the canoe and paddled to the spot. The broken end of the rope was floating. Taking hold of it, we drew up the trap, and with it the animal—drowned, of course.

Old Hughy pronounced it a wolverine. But it wasn't much like the description of the animal, given in the Natural History, in fact we never felt sure what it was.—*Youth's Companion.*

Churns and Bottles

BY "CARLETON."

Churning! Want would you say, my young friends, if you were riding over one of the great prairies of the Northwest, away out on the frontier, fifty miles from any house, and were to find an old woman churning butter? Do you say that it is not a likely story? Well, but you can see such sights on the frontier. I have been traveling day after day over those green fields of the Northwest, and have driven my horse almost a hundred miles without seeing a house, but I saw hundreds of wagons moving in long processions over the prairies, their white canvas tops fluttering in the wind, and droves of cattle and sheep following behind. Boys and girls, with bare feet and frowzy heads, were driving them. There was a chicken-coop on every wagon, and a pig pen, and the roosters were crowing, and the pigs grunting, and the sheep and lambs were bleating, and there was music from one end of the train to the other. These were settlers who had sold out their farms in Wisconsin and Iowa, and were moving on to Dakota, to find new homes in one of the richest valleys in the world, on the banks of the Red River of the North.

But about the churning. The teams had gone into camp for the night; the oxen were unyoked, and were lording on the ball grass; the cows had been brought by the roadside all day long, and were glad to stand still and chew their cuds while the big girls milked them. The boys picked up some brush and sticks of wood, and kindled a fire, and went down to the brook and brought up pails of water. The women got their frying pans down from the wagons, and hunted up pieces of pork from a barrel, and in a very short time there was a delightful smell of fried pork floating out on the evening air. And then a clattering of tin plates and cups and knives and forks, which the little bare-foot girls took out from a box beneath the wagon seat. While all this was going on, the gray-headed grandmother sat in her chair on the green grass, churning the milk in an old fashioned dash-churn, and they all seemed to be just as happy and as contented as if they were at home.

I think that the old grandmother had the hardest work to do. When I was a little boy, I used to hate churning. I never could see any fun in lifting the dasher, and sending it down with a jab, hour after hour. It made my arms and back ache, and once I declared I would go without butter rather than churn. This gray haired woman seemed to like it, and as I saw her lifting the dasher so steady, it set my thoughts running over what I had seen in the way of butter-making in years gone by, and I remembered how vexed I used to get when the butter wouldn't come; how once I began to churn in the morning and kept at it all the forenoon and all the afternoon, and lost my temper, and wished the old churn was in Halifax, and, finally, got so mad that I jabbed the dasher down so hard that I split it, and came near slaying a hole through the bottom; and how I churned, and churned, and churned, and still it would'n't come, and went to bed with the back-ache, and got up in the morning and found the butter had come of its own accord in the night, and came to the conclusion that I had made a fool of myself by getting angry.

The witches used to get into the cream. People believed in witches when I was a little boy, and I can just remember that one of the hired girls put out the old witch by dropping a red hot iron wedge into the cream, and then the butter came at once. I never could find out, however, what became of the old witch.

I have seen a great many kinds of churns, with cog-wheels, fly's, rollers, paddles, dashers, rockers and patent contrivances to make the butter come, but the funniest and queerest churn I ever saw was in the Eastern country; and it undoubtedly was just such a churn as Abraham, and Jacob, and all the old farmers that we read about in the Bible had in their households. It was a funny affair, and if you were to guess a dozen times I do not believe you could tell how it was made. It had no dasher; there was not a cog-wheel about it. It was made of raw hide—the skin of a goat, taken off from the animal with great care, and the hairy side turned in, and sewed neatly and tightly together with the sinews of the creature. It was sewed so well and so closely, that it was water-tight. That is the way they make bottles in the old countries. I think it is likely that Hagar had just such a water-bottle when Abraham sent her, with the little scapegrace Ishmael, out into the desert. I never thought it was very gentlemanly in Abraham to turn them out, but he wanted peace at home, and that was the way they did things in those olden times. That is how they make wine bottles in the East. Glass factories are not often found in Asia, but there are goats enough on the hills, and it is an easy matter to skin one, turn the skin inside out, and sew it up again—all but the neck. Every family has such a churn. The housewife puts the cream into the churn. Do you ask if she turns it in upon the hair? Certainly, for the skin will not soak through near so quickly with the hair on the inside as it otherwise would. When the cream is all in, a cord is tied around the neck, and then the boys and girls have a game of football. They kick the churn round the room, they toss it into the air, give it a lusty shaking, and keep it going until the butter comes. Such butter! It boles together well. It is about as well tasted as any you can find in your own market. Please turn up your noses at it, for it is the best you will get. Do we eat it? Certainly, and when you read about butter and honey in the Bible, when you think of Samuel, David, and Daniel, of Paul, Peter and the Saviour, as sitting down to dinner and eating bread and butter, you may be sure the butter was churned in such a churn.

Upon the whole, I think I had rather have an old-fashioned dash-churn than such a churn.

MINNESOTA, Sept. 1871.

—*Agriculturist.*

KIDNAPPING IN BROOKLYN.

Mysterious Abduction of Two Little Children.

From the New York Herald, 23d.

A mysterious and painful case of kidnapping was reported at police headquarters, Brooklyn, last evening, which is given publicity to with the hope that the description of the little ones and their strange abduction may lead to their recovery and the arrest of the heartless scoundrel who has brought sorrow to two heretofore happy households. Between two and three o'clock yesterday afternoon, as Eva Robinson, aged six years, and Geneva Fracley, five years old, were returning from a private school which they attend in Clinton street, near Third place, South Brooklin, they were accosted by a well dressed young man, wearing a black mustache, dark, curly hair, and rather low sized, who asked them to come with him and take a carriage ride. He then gave them a piece of candy, and taking the little ones by the hand, moved on down Clinton street toward Harrison avenue. The conversation between the man and the children was overheard by a lady, who happened to be looking out of the window of her residence, corner of Clinton street and Fourth place, at the time, and whose attention was attracted by the singularity of the invitation to take a carriage ride, there being no vehicle within sight. Subsequently, when the almost frantic parents set out upon a search for the young ones in the neighborhood, they learned the story from the lady alluded to, and immediately communicated the fact to the police, who in turn telegraphed the fact to all the station-houses, but up to a late hour last night no tidings of the lost ones had been gleaned. Etta Robinson, who was neatly dressed, resided in Fourth place, between Court and Clinton streets, with her parents. Geneva Fracley, who wore a white hat, trimmed with brown, a dark red dress, black and white cloth sack and light shoes resided with her father and mother at No. 512 Clinton street. The sorrowing parents are highly respectable, and the anguish of mind they endure consequent upon the mysterious abduction of their children is intense.

An invoice of five hundred bales of silk recently arrived at Liverpool from Yokohama, *via* San Francisco, six days sooner than the stipulated contract called for, and in thirteen days less time than it could be brought by the Suez Canal.

At the funeral of Joseph Shawhan, Sr., on Sunday evening, at Cambridge, there were one hundred and forty-three vehicles and sixty-seven horsemen in attendance.

A city man, who knows all about farming, says the best way to raise strawberries is with a spoon.

Wit and Humor.

DOWN ON HIS LUCK.

BY FRANK CAVE.

This yar luck sometimes runs in a way that's surprisin'
There's days now and then, when a man's luck is pizen,
And days when the closest can't lay up a cent,
Along of things souring to such an extent.

'Twas in Vicksburg one evenin' that Joe Bannon struck
One of those yar blamed streaks of crreery luck
Which Joe himself 'lowed he was never tuk down,
Any where than he was in that ramshackle town.

For the liveliest muscle and sassiest lip,
Joe kerried the broom on the Mississip;

And—pervidin' he hadn't tuk more'n a *nip* in—
He was a hull team 'n' a dog under the wagon.

Ye moughty seek a month without findin' a limb,
That was able to get away with him.

The night I allude to Joe was on a small toot,
N' he swore he was spilin' to whop some galoot!

He went around town, from saloon to shebang,
Sayin', "I'm Joe Bannon, 'n' don't keer a dang."

Such remarks seldom fails of perjuein' a snarl,
And Joe was quite sudden draped over a barl

He was harnessed so live he hadn't no show,
By a science't pile which he done it to Joe;

And he everlastin'ly mopped that floor
With Joe, till he didn't prefer any more.

Five times that night Joe tried it on,
But each muss ended like number one.

He was disapp'inted and sad and mad,
Along of the shoes that his feelin's had had.

Goin' back to the levee he kem across
A cripple, which one of his legs he had lost.

Says Joe, "You's a crip, which I know I kin whop him,
'N' just for a change I reckon I'll pop him!"

But I'm cuss'd if that crip didn't purty much
Bust Joe's geranium with his crutch!

(Leastwise, that is what the two doctors said—
'N' they chucked a half dollar 'in the top of his head.)

How come Joe Bannon to lose his grip?
It couldn't be'n whiskey that spiled his nip:

For *it* was his native element;
It 'twasn't just luck, I don't want a cent!

—*Buffalo Courier.*

A Melting Story.

One winter evening a country storekeeper in the Green Mountain State was about closing up for the night, and while standing in the snow outside, putting up the window shutters, saw through the glass a lounging, worthless fellow within grab a pound of fresh butter from the shelf, and conceal it in his hat.

The act was no sooner detected than the revenge was hit upon and a very few minutes found the Green Mountain storekeeper at once indulging his appetite for fun to the fullest extent, and paving off the thief with a facetious sort of torture, for which he would have gained a premium from the old Inquisition.

"I say, Seth," said the storekeeper, coming in and closing the door after him, slapping his hand over his shoulders and stamping the snow off his feet.

Seth had his hand on the door, his hat on his head, and the roll of butter in his hat, anxious to make his exit as soon as possible.

"I say, Seth, sit down; I reckon now on such a cold night as this, a little something warm would not hurt a fellow."

Seth felt very uncertain; he had the butter and was exceedingly anxious to be off, but the temptation of something warm, sadly interfered with his resolution to go. The hesitation, however, was soon settled, by the right owner of the butter taking Seth by the shoulders and planting him in a seat close to the stove, where he was in such a manner cornered in by the boxes and barrels that, while the grocer stood before him, there was no possibility of getting out, and right in this very place sure enough the store keeper sat down.

"Seth, we'll have a little warm Santa Cruz," said the Green Mountain grocer; so he opened the stove door, and stuffed in as many sticks as it would admit; "without it you'd freeze going home such a night as this."

Seth already felt the butter settling down closer to his hair, and he jumped up, declaring he must go.

"No! till you have something warm, Seth; Seth, come, I've got a story to tell you," and Seth was again rushed into his seat by his cunning tormentor.

"Oh! it's so hot here," said the petty thief, attempting to rise.

"Sit down—don't be in such a hurry," retorted the grocer, pushing him back into his chair.

"But I've got the cows to fodder, and the wood to split, and I must be going," said the persecuted chap.

"But you mustn't tear yourself away, Seth, in this manner. Sit down, let the cows take care of themselves, and keep yourself cool; you appear to be a little fidgety," said the roguish grocer with a wicked leer.

The next thing was the production of two smoking glasses of hot toddy, the very sight of which, in Seth's present situation, would have made the hair stand erect upon his head had it not been well oiled and kept down by the butter.

"Seth, I will give you a toast, now, and you can butter it yourself," said the grocer, with an air of such consummate simplicity, that poor Seth believed himself unsuspected. "Seth, here's—here's a Christmas goose, well roasted, eh? I tell you it's the greatest eating in creation. And Seth, don't you never use hog's fat, or common cooking butter, to baste it with; come, take your butter—I mean take your toddy."

Poor Seth now began to smoke as well as melt and his mouth was hermetically sealed up, as though he had been born dumb. Streak after streak of the butter came pouring from under his hat, and his handkerchief was already soaked with the greasy overflow. Taking away as if nothing was the matter, the fun loving grocer kept stuffing wood into the stove, while poor Seth sat upright, with his back against the counter and his knees touching the red hot furnace before.

"Cold night, this," said the grocer. "Why, Seth, you seem to perspire as if you were warm? Why don't you take your hat off? Here, let me put your hat away."

"No," exclaimed poor Seth, at last. "No, I must go, let me out, I ain't well; let me go."

A greasy cataract was now pouring down the poor man's face and neck, and soaking into his clothes, and trickling down his body into his boots, so that he was literally in a bath of oil.

"Well, good night, Seth, said the humorous Vermonter, "if you will go," and adding as he darted out of the door, "I say, Seth, I reckon the fun I have had out of you is worth sixpence, so I shan't charge you for that pound of butter in your hat."

About Denizens

A week or two ago one of our reporters had occasion to refer to a certain woman, whom we call Hannah Smith, as a denizen of the Eleventh Ward. A day or two afterward a huge man entered the office with his brow clothed with thunder. In his hand he carried a fearful club, and at his side trotted a bull dog, whom hunger had evidently made desperate. With that quick appreciation of the situation, which is ever liable to the superior intelligence of educated men, the editor of this paper and the proprietors dashed to the window, climbed outside, slid down the lightning rod, and went across the street to watch the bloody fray through a spy glass. While the fat compositor of conscious innocence we all still, sternly inserting our legs in two sections of stove pipe to guard against any misapprehension of facts on the part of the bull dog. The man with the club approached.

"Are you the editor?" he asked, spitting on his hand and grasping his club. We told him that the editor was out; that he had gone to the North Pole with Capt. Hall, and that he would not return before 1876, in time for the centennial celebration.

"Are you the proprietor?" asked the man.

We explained to him that we were not; that the proprietors were also out; that they had gone to South America for the purpose of investigating the curative properties of cunderango, and they expected to remain there for several years.

"Well, whoever you are," exclaimed the warrior, "my name is Smith!"

We told him we were glad, because, if there was one thing better than the possession of the name of Smith, it was the privilege of knowing a man of that name. "But Smith," we said, "why this battle array? It is absurd for a man to put on the panoply of war, and frisk into editors' sanctums fumbling a club and accompanied by a dishabille bulldog, simply because his name happens to be Smith."

He said he had "called in to burst the head of the man who had insulted his sister."

"It is impossible, Smith, that such a thing could have been done by any one in this office."

"Is, but it was, though; and her name was published, too? Miss Smith—Miss *Hannor* Smith!"

"May we be permitted to inquire, Mr. Smith, what was the precise character of the affront offered to Hannah?"

"Well, you see," said Smith, "the blackguard said she was a denizen. And I want you to understand," exclaimed Smith, becoming excited, and brandishing his club in a wild manner over our head, while the bull dog advanced and commenced to sniff up and down our stove pipe—"I want you to understand that she is a decent young woman, with a good character, and none of your denizens and such truck. The man who says she is a denizen is a blackguard and a thief, and I'll smash him over the nose if I get a chance. They may say what they please about me, but the man who abuses my sister has got to suffer." And Smith struck the table in a violent manner with his club, while the bull dog put his fore-legs up on the back of our chair.

We pacified Smith with a dictionary. We pointed out to that raging warrior that the Websterian definition of the word "denizen" gives such a person an unoffending character, and deprives the term of everything like reproach. Smith said he was satisfied, and he shook hands and kicked the bull dog down stairs. The editor and proprietor, seeing that all was safe, immediately climbed the lightning rod and soon appeared at the window, where they were introduced to Smith, with the remark that they had returned from the North Pole and the clime of the cunderango somewhat unexpectedly, in order to surprise their relations.

And now we suppose Smith will be mad because we have told this story about him, and he will be coming down to interview us again in war's magnificent stern array with a fresh bull-dog. But it will be in vain. We have rented an office in the top of the shot tower, and have planted torpedoes and spring guns all the way up the stairs. We warn this incendiary Smith to beware.—*Phil. Dispatch.*

The Minister and Bumble-Bees.

Mississippi rejoiced in the possession of the rude talents that distinguished a backwoods preacher, known as Uncle Bob. On one occasion Uncle Bob went to the spiritual wants of some 'brethern' who convened semi-occasionally at a little out-of-the-way church, known by the classic name of 'Coon Tail.' Inspired by a crowded house, Uncle Bob warmed himself loose in tragic style. He beat, stamped and vociferated terribly. For some time previous the rude pulpit had been unoccupied. Invited by the apparent security and quiet of the place, a community of bumble bees had built a nest beneath. Uncle Bob's peculiar mode of conducting the services had disturbed the insects, and just as he was executing one of the most tremendous gestures, an enraged bee met him half way, and popped his sting into the end of Uncle Bob's huge nose.

He stopped short, gave sundry vigorous but ineffectual slaps, when he heard a half suppressed titter from some merry youths in a far off corner of the house. Turning towards them with ill concealed rage, he exclaimed, "No laughing in the house of God; I allow no laughing in my meeting. I'll thrash the first that laughs, as soon as the service is over!" This threat checked the incipient merriment. Uncle Bob regained his composure, forgot the bees, and soon warmed up at a two-forty lick. But again in the midst of the most impassioned gesticulation, a bee struck him full in the forehead; he bowed, dodged, and beat the air frantically, until a roar of laughter arose from the congregation. Uncle Bob looked at them a moment with mingled feelings of rage and disgust, and then shouted, "Meetin's dismissed! Go home! Just go home, every one of you! But as for me (taking off his coat), I don't leave this hill as long as there's a bumble-bee about the house."

Miscellany.

THEIR WAYS ARE NOT OUR WAYS.

The Fashion of Our Friends, the Japs.

James Brooks' Correspondence of the N. Y. Express.

KOKOHAMA, June, 1871.

The fishermen we met, each of them as bad seines, were scaring fish into them by pounding furiously on the bottom of the boats! Can this be done? I charge nothing to the Cape Codders for letting them into the secret of catching fish. But what most astonished us new comers was the Georgia costumes, minus the spurs, of these interesting fishermen! The fishermen were as naked as the fish—that is the most of the fishermen. Some of them had something on, but nothing to speak of. Anatomy could be studied practically, as well as phrenology and physiognomy, and physiology—that is muscular and venous anatomy. Some of our passengers were at first a little confused and confounded over this new development of life, and dropped their lorgnettes; but I see them now in Kokohama, and they are done blushing.

There are a lot of bumble boys, funny fellows, with caps on their heads, stuck with red and black feathers, looking like roosters' combs, who roll up and roll over, like balls of dirt, then altogether. They only want a "cash," a tenth part of a cent, thus to tumble over and over. "All Right," in the American-Japanese jugglers' corps, was thus trained in a Japan street, and came from that school there. There is a mother with a babe on her back *a la* American-Indian papoose, and the poor babe is fast asleep, with its head toppling all about. The mother, perhaps, would not have much, if any, clothes on, if it had not been necessity to throw over her the sack for the babe to sleep or live in.

There is a carpenter, rolling his forepaint toward him, not pushing from him, resolutely clad—exquisite, I see, and he who rivets a chain can command a higher price than he who makes one could have claimed him richer, with a livery on that so French Hugh Chamberlain owns a dozen of, but the poor devil's only clothes, save a cotton scroll about his loins and his straw shoes, were his skin, tattooed with all sorts of tortoises, storks and other Jap divinities. It costs only $3 50 that livery, they tell me, and it is the pride and glory of a Jap to have it. You could not buy a hat in New York for that, you know. But to earn the $3 50 to get the livery, that's the difficulty. That surplus is a year's saving; and if it were not so, all Japanese of the working classes would have on the livery. There is a wrestler, a big, burly fellow, the picked man of his clan, and who was big enough to pass for a European. Wrestling here is of a *quasi* noble profession. It entitles a man to have two swords on, and to look down on common fellows. An actor in Japanese is nothing—nobody—ranking only with beggars, while the wrestler is a grand *cockalorum*. An actor has no rank, no honors, and every body looks down on his (with us great) profession, and the only social difference between him and the beggar is that he may rise—the beggar never. The beggar, by the way, bequeaths the possession from sire to son. The boy must follow the trade of the father. There is no hope, no future for him. Not even the coolie will work in the same gang with him. Put a beggar to work in a coolie gang, and every coolie "strikes" at once, refusing thus to associate with a beggar. When the beggar sees you coming, he prostrates himself upon his knees, then rails upon the ground and holds up his hand only for "cash." He utters a most woebegone cry to touch your heart and win your sympathies.

There comes something with two swords on, pony-mounted and his Betto. The betto is a boy, who follows his lordship's pony, and the pony races and the betto races. Which will beat, ask you? The pony never. The betto has on his tattoo livery straw shoes, it may be no shoes, perhaps. The betto will keep up with that pony day after day. 30 miles a day, and no pony can overdo that on a journey. This betto takes care of the pony, watches over and feeds him, and helps take care of his master, too. There is hair-dressing going on—public hair-dressing—on the front steps of the shop or house—one man dressing another man's hair and doing up his cue. The women dress their hair in our old mother's fashion of gone by times—none of our young tails of false hair, said I, dangling behind, with a skewer to hold it up on the top of the head—beautiful, glossy, black hair. "Thank the Lord," said I to a Yokohama American lady, "we have reached a country at last where the women wear only their own hair." "You are much mistaken," said she; "all that hair on top of Madame Jap's head is false hair." Madam shaves off, or cuts off, the original crown, and piles on the false then. Once a week only is the hair done up, skewered and glued, Spanish (Cadiz) style, thus defying the winds and the legs for a whole week, and kept in place, nights, while sleeping on the mat bed, with a wooden pillow under the nap of the neck.

Woman, thus you see is woman, everywhere. There is nothing true outside of their heads, though all so true and sweet inside. These black teeth, too, of these Japanese madames, are they not terrible? How can husbands ever kiss such black-teethed wives? When a woman is married here she blackens her teeth, while our wives and daughters, when married, put on, not only a marriage ring, but all the other rings they can get. Such is fashion! But what more sense in the rings, and earrings, and bracelets, these emblems of vassalage—I dare not write handcuffs—than in these black teeth? Nevertheless, the black teeth are beautiful teeth, molars and eye teeth of the first chop. They put on some white preparation that turns them black, and they renew the operation about every week. These Jap women only miss many of them, being very, very pretty. When their copper color is whitened up, they would pass for brunettes, even in America. But—if they are married—these abominable teeth! This boga negra! But fashion is everything. These hoops of our ladies—although not half the amplitude they once were—their long *queues*, the substitutes for what ought to be bonnets, their flowing ringlets, (whence came, or how once worn, *quien sabe?*)—their corsets; their shoes, their heels, etc., astonish the poor natives as much as the black teeth do us. The young Japs, however, see in the mouths of their fair ones the most tempting white teeth—no mouths are prettier.

Tilton Rebuked.

A "Woman's Advocate" addresses Mr. Tilton in the Chicago *Journal* relative to his very loose notions about the marriage relations. The character of the article is best indicated by the following:

Now, Mr. Tilton, get right down from your stilts, clean down upon your knees, and try to imagine at least that not all the great gods nod when you nod. You probably can't humble yourself, even before God Almighty, enough to feel that your wife is quite as good as you deserve—not to say a great deal better. But you have perhaps come down enough to partly understand what almight humility is. Then you may remind yourself what your contract of love and honor is, and swear by bright honor's self that you will keep your promise made to the woman who has given you her all. Never mind occasional Christians of the African convert type who would kill and eat the old wife to be free with a fresh "not impossible she." The notion that you cannot be decently and happily true, at least in some large measure of unwearied courtesy, and kindness and esteem and fidelity, is one of the devil's own. Better go to hell with a red hot stopper in your gullet than put your lips to that cup of perdition, the notion that desire for another woman is your supreme necessity. Desire is cobbless a thorn in the flesh of sweet young things like you, but you can be a man nevertheless, keeping decently and honorably the woman you are by holy honor enchained to, and manfully denying, destroying even, the desire which is not of honor any more than it is of law. Try that for ten years, T. Tilton, and though many virgins may tempt you, and desire may continue to trouble, there will be neither murder nor lust in your heart, and a manly effort at least for the honor, which will be the gate of heaven to you, and a world of comfort to the woman who was so unfortunate as to marry a man too young and too weak to put intelligence and conscience into the most solemn contract which any man may make.

A Religiously Inclined Thief.

From the Canton (Ill.) Register.

We don't know how many grades of thieves there are, nor how they are designated, but we have one in Fulton county, somewhere, who is surely head centre of mean thieves. His last depredation was committed at the Methodist Episcopal Church, at Civer, last week. The blinds to this church are built in the frames of the window. On repairing to the church last Sunday, the sexton observed one of the blinds cut to pieces and the window broken. He also found the door broken from its hinges, apparently with a crowbar. On entering the church he found that the Bible and hymn book belonging to the pulpit were gone, and a further examination revealed the fact that the library case was broken open (apparently with a crowbar also,) and all the Testaments and a greater part of the library books gone. A stand used in communion service was stripped of its cover—a very fine one. The second cover was dealt out to bounty off the house.

As nice as we can see the motive of the sacrilegious act, and no doubt an effort will be made to sell the books. Look out for them.

AGENTS WANTED.

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$66 a Month easily made with stencil tools. $250 Samples, FREE. S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt. jan5-w26-52

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aug14-w8—71

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Farm and House.

Influence of Plants on Each Other.

A few years ago we heard a sensible and observing farmer say that a crop of corn would not follow a crop of swedes or ruta bagas. He had tried it in such a way as to get very striking results to corroborate his assertion, the place o. corn extending beyond the line of the patch of swedes of the preceding year, and the injury to the corn was so clear and unmistakable, that you could see the very line of the swedes all through the corn patch.

From that day to this, we have been on the watch for facts bearing upon this point, not only with reference to this particular plant, but with a view to ascertain, so far as possible, the relation which various plants sustain to each other as shown in their habits of growth, some being supposed to be good neighbors, and others not, some growing better in connection with or in close proximity to other plants of a different species, than when alone or at a distance from those species, and others not getting on at all in such a neighborhood, but having other plants or other species of plants to associate with. In other words the growth of certain plants is favored, promoted or accelerated by certain kinds of neighbors, and retarded or interfered with by others, and this general law in the vegetable world is probably much more extensive than appears at first sight.

This law or fact in the vegetable kingdom was known even to the ancient Romans, for they noticed how the vine loved the elm, and they went so far as to call that tree the husband of the grapevine, and took particular pains to set them together, that the one might cling to and support itself on the lofty and graceful arms of the other, and it is even supposed that the elm was first introduced into England by the Romans for the sake of the vineyards which they planted. At the same time they knew that the vine had enemies as well as friends, and they would not grow it near the cabbage, with which old Cato said it was at "enmity."

This class of facts was known also, to some extent at least, through the later middle ages, for in a treatise on agriculture as early as 1508, it is said "because there is a natural friendship and love between certain trees, you must set them the nearer together, as the vine and the olive, the pomegranate and the myrtle, others have a natural hatred, as the vine with the hibert and the bay." And so the acacia tree was reputed to be a "bad neighbor" for most plants, and the cabbage tribe has the same reputation, while the poppy likes to associate with the pea, and wheat and rye grow much more vigorously with tares than they do without. Indeed many other friendships and enmities might be pointed out among plants.

Such facts of course, have not failed to attract the attention of scientific men, and the reasons for them have been investigated and the conclusion seems to be that plants excrete from their roots and leaves substances which are grateful to certain other plants and distasteful or inimical to still other plants. In a recent work by an English writer, Mr. G. W. Johnson, on the "Science and Practice of Gardening," he says: "If the roots of plants do give out peculiar and varying matters to the soil which sustains them, it aids to explain why one rotation of crops is superior to another, as well as why fallowing is beneficial. Fallowing gets rid by decomposition, of any offensive excrementitious matters as well as accumulates that which is desirable to plants; and one crop may succeed better after some predecessors than others, because their exuvia are more salutary." This opinion was held by Professor Johnston, who says: "that the roots of plants do possess the power of excreting some of the substances which are held in solution by their sap on its return from the stem, and which having performed their offices in the interior of the plant, are no longer fitted to minister to its sustenance and growth. This excretory power is not confined to the emission of inorganic substances; other soluble matters of organic origin are also permitted to escape into the soil, although whether as of such a kind as must be injurious to the plant from which they have been given out, or to such a degree as alone to render a rotation of crops necessary, has not been hitherto well determined." If any farther testimony of scientific men were needed upon this point, it might be stated that Prof. Liebig is of the opinion that plants throw out excrements, for the remarks: "The experiments of Macaire-Princep have shown that plants made to vegetate with their roots in a weak solution of acetate of lead, and then in rain water, yield to the latter all the salt of lead which they had previously absorbed. They return, therefore, to the soil, all matters necessary to their existence. When bulbous roots, such as hyasinths, are allowed to grow in plain water, this gradually acquires a brown color. It therefore cannot be denied that excrements are actually given off by plants, although very possibly they do not produce them to the same degree.

It must be regarded as settled that plants emit soluble matters from their roots, but this matter differs very much in different kinds of plants, that is, this matter from a leguminous plant is unlike that from a cereal. It may or may not be such as the cereal will take up, but it will be likely to suit a plant of a different character from that by which it was excreted or given off.

Among the friendships of plants it has recently been discovered that a strong "attachment" or "affinity" exists between the mangold and the swedish turnip, and careful experiment has established the fact that even on land where the swede has failed for the last few years, if sown in the same rows with the mangold, it attains a remarkable growth. Perhaps alternate rows would be found sufficiently near, but in the trials alluded to, they were drilled into the same rows, the mangolds first, at the rate of four pounds of seed per acre, another drill machine following, running one hole only, with a pint of swede seed in the same rows. This practice has met with a perfect success without a single failure for the last six or seven years.

Possibly alternate rows would not be sufficiently close to have the same good effect, but certainly it is worth trying, especially as the mangold may go into the ground the first to the tenth of May or even earlier, and the swede four to six weeks later, giving a splendid chance to cultivate and clean the ground between the former crop and in preparation for the latter.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Bee Notes for October.

BY M. QUINBY.

The careful beekeeper will now select his colonies for winter. There should be about twenty-five pounds of honey in each, where there is much bee-bread; that, together with the wax, will often weigh ten pounds, and bee-bread is never eligible as sustenance for old bees. There will be very much more of it in a hive that has work'd from the swarming season until this time without success. There is danger of a hive having too much honey as well as too little. The practicable beekeeper, with the moveable frame, will find it best to abstract combs that are filled with sealed honey, so that the queen will have room enough to replace it with eggs. Several combs of honey and bee-bread should be left, unless it is known that the bees have enough. Hives with the requisite weight of honey and bee-bread in all harvest. If stunted hives be used, unite them accordingly, to avoid danger of foul brood. If comb is used, cut the sealing of the cells, and if robbers are excluded, it may remain on top of hive through the day. All stocks a year old should be examined with reference to foul brood, and by no means allow such to be robbed, thus inviting others. Remove boxes. If any are partly full, let the honey from such be removed by the bees of some hive that needs it, after which the clean empty combs can be saved for another year. Examinations for foul brood are best made in the middle of the day, but the strength of a hive is best ascertained in the morning. A cluster of bees that extends through seven or eight combs on a cool morning this month, may be considered strong enough. The combs of a light stock from which bees have been taken can be set away to freeze, and be used for swarms another year. Set right side up, and exclude mice.

In preparing honey for market, care should be taken to have it look neatly, as experience proves that consumers have an eye to appearances. Wipe with a damp cloth any honey that may have leaked on to the glass. Paste paper or muslin on the bottom of the box, to exclude dust. Boxes to ride to market should be inverted, to prevent breaking, but they should not be inverted at any other time, as there are often some unsealed cells that will leak, and give the combs and glass an untidy appearance. The effect is worse if they are turned bottom side up while warm, when first taken from the hive. In taking boxes from the hive, they should be carefully lifted with a strong knife slipped under the bottom. Set them on one side or end, keeping the combs vertical, until the bees are out, then put them away, standing them in the same position as when on the hive. In regard to foul brood, we have succeeded in eradicating it from our apiaries, not having seen a case of it this summer. I mention this as another argument for movable comb hives. With their aid we can discover it in its incipient stages. Hence our success.—*Agriculturist.*

The Curry-Comb—Its Uses and Abuses.

This is just the season of all others, when the injudicious use of the curry-comb is a source of much evil and annoyance to the horse, subjecting him to much suffering indirectly, as well as by its direct application. A common remark among horsemen at this time of the year, is how desperately and fiercely the flies bite, and imagine the reason to be, some peculiarity about the fly at this season, which enables him to be more of a tormentor to the horse than at any other.

Now this is not the case, for they are much more enfeebled now than at any other time of the year, and lie in a dormant state through the cold nights, and really require warmth from some source before they can move round sufficient to be of much annoyance to the horse, but once resuscitated by heat, and they at once move towards its source, whether it be the sun's rays, from the stove, or anything else, and whenever they come in close contact to the horse, they leave every other object seemingly, and that too for a double purpose—heat and food, and to him they persistently stick. Now if the hair be long, and the skin tough, the flies find less warmth, and certainly their proboscis find more difficulty in penetrating sufficiently to cause the pain and irritation so peculiar to thin skinned, smooth haired animals. Such being, as they are, the true facts, anything which renders the skin sensitive, or hastens early depilation (loss of hair), will much, very much increase the sufferings of the horse from the pest referred to.

Nothing does so much, all other things put together do not render the horse so much a subject of annoyance as the use, especially the injudicious use of the curry comb. At this season of the year it should be altogether discarded, at least for ten weeks, beginning with the first of September; this on the score of common humanity, should be observed, although as stated in a previous article, a horse should not be curry combed in the winter months unless for the removal of patches of manure only, and there are means just as good as the curry comb, which do not annoy the horse.

All animals who shed their coat of hair, their skin (as serpents), or as birds do their feathers, feel very much depressed during the period, and the noble horse is not an exception to the rule, but suffers the same depression, from the same causes, with his almost human sensibilities to add, if anything, to his share of the sufferings which are indispensable.

In conclusion I beg of each person who has charge of horses to quietly consider my remarks and by simply calling to his aid good common sense, he will find the truthfulness of them.—*Veterinarian, in Western Farmer.*

EUROPEAN NEWS.

PARIS, Oct. 1.—The withdrawal of the Germans in the Department of Oise commenced again this afternoon.

Differences have arisen between France and Italy, respecting the pontifical debt.

LONDON, October 2—The scissor grinders, cutlers and carpenters of Sheffield, and the spinners of Bolton and Dundee are on a strike. The strikers in Newcastle held a mass meeting to day and passed resolutions to insist upon their demands and persevere in the strike until its object is accomplished.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—The London Telegraph of Sept. 23d says the Birmingham Liberal Association has addressed a circular to Liberal members for the parliamentary boroughs, on the subject of reform in the House of Lords. The circular says: "We believe the time has arrived when the hereditary principle, which neither insures wisdom in the individual nor patriotism in the body, must be abolished; when the second chamber must be brought into union with popular sympathies, and when the right of the House of Commons to carry the will of the people into action over all opposing interests and authorities, must be secured."

An editorial in the London Times, September 23, says a portent is announced from Scotland. A Bishop and Archbishop have appeared in the pulpit of a Scotch kirk and conducted divine service there. The announcement has given as severe a shock as might have been expected to the sensitive ecclesiastical nerves on this side of the Tweed. A well known arch-deacon declared that by conducting the worship of a Presbyterian chapel, these prelates have forfeited their own claims to the exclusive privileges, endowments and positions of bishops of the Church of England, and that they are henceforth morally disqualified from prosecuting any of the inferior clergy for a breach of law. Men of another temper welcome the event as an abandonment of sacerdotal claims, a public recognition of the non-Episcopal Church and the commencement of a system of reciprocity in the pulpit.

LONDON, Oct 3—Mr. Savil Dykinson writes from Teheran giving an account of affairs in the famine stricken province of Sekemseen. He says that during July 8,000 persons perished in the city of Yezdeek, and that 40,000 inhabitants of the province have been carried off into slavery by the Afghans, who had taken advantage of the general misery and famine to make incursions for plunder. Two hundred camels could not carry provisions fast enough into the mountains to relieve the wants of the starving, and a number of Europeans have been executed. Mr. Dykinson says that the country is overrun by lawless bands, Pestilence and famine, and the horrors are increased by exclusive benevolence, yet notwithstanding the fearful situation the Persian government has refused to avail itself of the aid proffered by Great Britain and Russia.

The number of emigrants who sailed from Liverpool during the last three months was 50,000, an increase of 5,000 over the previous quarter.

PARIS, Oct. 3.—Several agents of Napoleon, who have been in Prussia for the restoration of the Emperor, have been arrested here.

The court martial before which the editor of the Rappel was arraigned, has found him guilty and sentenced him to pay a fine under the terms of the press law. The offense was printing false news.

LONDON, Oct. 4—A fire damp explosion occurred at six o'clock this morning in one of the mines of Aberdare, Glamorgan county, Wales. Five persons were killed. On account of the early hour the regular mining force were not yet at work which alone prevented a frightful sacrifice.

AHEMTADT, Oct. 3.—A meeting of the Protestants representing Germany is being held in this city to discuss the condition of Protestant religion in Germany. A declaration has been adopted setting forth that it is for the interest of Germany to oppose the Papal infallibility, and that the dogma is inimical to the sovereignty of the state and the liberties of the people, and the destruction of that freedom of conscience which is the basis of true religion.

ROME, October 3—The Italian Government is determined that no Professor of a University in Rome, will be permitted to exercise his functions without taking the oath of allegiance to Italy.

The National Debt.

The address which Gov. Hoffman delivered at the Fair of the Wyoming County (N. Y.,) Agricultural Society last week was one given by him on a similar occasion two years ago. It included the following statement of his views respecting the payment of the national debt, which, as will be seen, are very different from those set forth in Democratic platforms and by other Democratic speakers:

"Our country, notwithstanding the great debt which rests upon it, cannot fail to grow rich and prosperous, if our people will be economical. The extravagance of the age, in which we live, however, must be checked, or with the corruption and demoralization which attend it will come disaster and distress. There is no estate so large that a spendthrift cannot exhaust it. There is no people so powerful that extravagance and corruption cannot destroy them. Our exports of the great staples will bring neither national nor individual wealth if they go only to pay for luxuries which enervate and corrupt. Far be it from me to deny to any man or woman the enjoyment of anything which will contribute to his or her peace and happiness. But the nation is in debt more than $2,000 000,000. $1 000 000 000 of which at least are held by the people of other lands. What the nation owes the people owe, and what the people owe each individual owes, for we are sureties and bondsmen for our country and for each other. Bondsmen, indeed! and who is so much a bondsman as the debtor? There is no way to get out of debt but one, either for nations or individuals. A man cannot pay his debts by giving his note, nor can any Government pay its obligations by the issue of irredeemable paper. There is but one standard of value, and that has been fixed by the common consent of the world, and by that standard must all debtors ultimately be judged. As no quack remedies can remove deep seated diseases, so no ingeniously devised financial schemes can point out any but one way to pay a nation's debts. When a man has violated the laws of health, and finds his system broken and his physical powers weakened, there is no medical specific which can save him. He must erase the practice of dissipation and folly. He must nurse his exhausted energies. He must economize his wasted strength. He must develop, as best he can, his physical powers. So it is with our country, which has been called upon for profuse expenditures. It has within it elements of strength and the means to meet all its obligations, fully and fairly, if it will; but it must diminish its expenses, as well as increase its revenues. It must stop waste and develop all its resources. It must labor in earnest and economize in earnest. If a farmer owes a thousand dollars, the payment of which is secured by a mortgage, he can pay it if he will by his labor and out of his land. If he neglects his farm; if he and his sons and daughters are extravagant and wasteful; if family discord destroy the peace of his home; if a reckless dissipation characterizes his life, he will add to his obligations, and will not pay his debt. So with the nation. The labor of the country, and the great area of its territory, upon which the whole national indebtedness is a lien, can sustain the credit of the Government and pay its obligations. But, if the people, who are the laborers, are extravagant and idle; if strife, discord and contention, shall prevail among them; if passion and folly, instead of judgment and good sense, shall control them; if hatred, rather than love, of one another and of their common country shall move them, then the national honor will be imperilled. I have read many learned essays on the question 'How to Pay the National Debt.' When men ask me what financial theory I have, I answer, 'Only one, and it is this: A union of people and of States; a hearty joining together of all sections in the common work of re establishment and restoration, industry, prudence, retrenchment and economy. Increase your earnings; diminish your expenditures. Save when you can, spend only when you must, and let the whole world see that you mean to pay your debts.' If the people are extravagant, the Government will be. The stream cannot rise higher than its source. The representative will not be better than those he represents. Other people have sunk under the crushing weight of individual and general extravagance and folly. Let us take warning by their examples, and in doing so avoid their fate."

Ten dollars is the largest fee given to a Boston minister for performing the marriage ceremony, even at the most "swell" weddings. Nine times in ten, after the honeymoon, the happy couple are unanimously of the opinion that the price is more than enough.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing safety and success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures dysentery and diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Perfectly safe in all cases.

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It cures, scalds, burns and sticking humors, Cuticles, sores and painful tumors. All boiling Ointments are worthless A positive healer for weakness.

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☞ THE CAUSE AND CURE OF CONSUMPTION.—The primary cause of Consumption is derangement of the digestive organs. This derangement produces deficient nutrition and assimilation. By assimilation, I mean that process by which the nutriment of the food is converted into blood, and thence into the solids of the body. Persons with digestion thus impaired, having the slightest predisposition to pulmonary disease, or if they take cold, will be very liable to have Consumption of the Lungs in some of its forms; and I hold that it will be impossible to cure any case of Consumption without first restoring a good digestion and healthy assimilation. The very first thing to be done is to cleanse the stomach an bowels from all diseased mucus and slime which is clogging these organs so that they cannot perform their functions, and then rouse up and restore the liver to a healthy action. For this purpose, the surest and best remedy is Schenck's Mandrake Pills. These Pills clean the stomach and bowels of all the dead and morbid slime that is causing disease and decay in the whole system. They will clear out the liver of all diseased bile that has accumulated there, and arouse it up to a new and healthy action, by which natural and healthy bile is secreted.

The stomach, bowels and liver are thus cleansed by the use of Schenck's Mandrake Pills; but there remains in the stomach an excess of acid, the organ is torpid and the appetite poor. In the bowels, the lacteals are weak, and requiring strength and support. It is in a condition like this that Schenck's Seaweed Tonic proves to be the most valuable remedy ever discovered. It is alkaline, and its use will neutralize all excess of acid, making the stomach sweet and fresh; it will give permanent tone to this important organ, and create a good, hearty appetite, and prepare the system for the first process of a good digestion, and will naturally make good, healthy, living blood. After this preparatory treatment, what remains to cure most cases of Consumption is the free and persevering use of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup. The Pulmonic Syrup nourishes the system, purifies the blood, and is readily absorbed into the circulation, and thence distributed to the diseased lungs. There it ripens all morbid matters, whether in the form of abscesses or tubercles, and then assists Nature to expel all the diseased matter in the form of free expectoration, when once it ripens. It is then by the great healing and purifying properties of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, that all ulcers and cavities are healed up sound, and my patient is cured.

The essential thing to be done in curing Consumption is to get up a good appetite and a good digestion, so that the body will grow in flesh and get strong. If a person has diseased lungs, a cavity or abscess there, the cavity cannot heal, the matter cannot ripen, so long as the system is below par. What is necessary to cure is a new order of things, a good appetite, a good nutrition, the body to grow in flesh and get fat, then Nature is helped, the cavities will heal, the matter will ripen and be thrown off in large quantities, and the person regain health and strength. This is the true and only plan to cure Consumption, and if a person is very bad, if the lungs are not entirely destroyed, or even if one lung is entirely gone, if there is enough vitality left in the other to heal up, there is hope.

I have seen many persons cured with only one sound lung live and enjoy life to a good old age. This is what Schenck's Medicines will do to cure Consumption. They will clean out the stomach, sweeten and strengthen it, get up a good digestion, and give Nature the assistance she needs to clear the system of all the disease that is in the lungs, whatever the form may be.

It is important, that while using Schenck's Medicines, care should be exercised not to take cold; keep in doors in cool and damp weather; avoid night-air, and take out door exercise only in a genial and warm sunshine.

I wish it distinctly understood that when I recommend a patient to be careful in regard to taking cold while using my medicines, I do so for a special reason. A man who has but partially recovered from the effects of a bad cold is far more liable to a relapse than one who has been entirely cured, and it is precisely the same in regard to Consumption. So long as the lungs are but perfectly healed, just so long is there imminent danger of a full return of the disease. Hence it is that I so strenuously caution pulmonary patients against exposing themselves to an atmosphere that is not genial and pleasant. Confirmed consumptives' lungs are a mass of sores, which the least change of atmosphere will inflame. The grand secret of my success with my medicines consists in my ability to subdue inflammation instead of provoking it, as many of the faculty do. An inflamed lung cannot heal safely to the patient be exposed to the biting blasts of winter or the chilling winds of spring or autumn. It should be carefully shielded from all irritating influences. The utmost caution should be observed in this particular, as without it a cure under almost any circumstances is an impossibility.

The person should be kept on a wholesome and nutritious diet, and all the medicines combined to fill the body has restored to it the natural quantity of flesh and strength.

I have never cured by this treatment of the worst kind of Consumption, and have lived to see full and nearly three many years with the lung mostly gone. I have cured thousands since, and very many have been cured by this treatment whom I have never seen.

About the 1st November, I expect to take position in my new Shanty at the north east corner of Ferry and Arch streets, where I shall be pleased to give advice to all who may require it. In the meantime my agents will supply my remedies, so that a person in any part of the world can be readily cured by strictly observance of the same. J. H. SCHENCK, M. D. Philadelphia.

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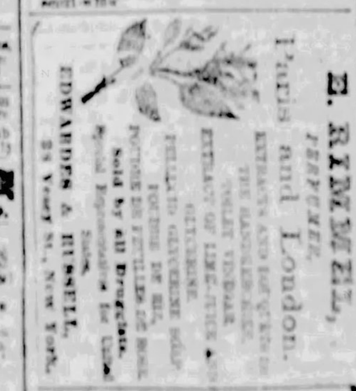

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To Correspondents.

A. W. B.—Back numbers of the *Army Journal* from March, 1870, can be supplied from this office. The supply of two of the earlier numbers is exhausted.

J. S. G., writes: "After knowing that the materials are here in abundance, I wish to inquire if the French porcelain and English translucent China is manufactured in the United States and, if so by whom and at what place? Also do they ornament with colors and gold, as in Europe? Yours, respectfully."—Owing to the excellence and cheapness of imported porcelain, little progress in the manufacture of finer varieties has been made in this country. Porcelain is made at Jersey City, Philadelphia, New York, Woodbridge, New Jersey and at other places.

MILTON, Concordia, Kansas.—Your question and all that have reference to the interpretation of new points of law should be submitted to the Commissioner of the Land Office, Washington, D. C. In such cases you want decisions, not opinions, and the Commissioner can hold you when an editor, however well posted, cannot.

J. H. B., Liberty Center, Ohio.—Your first question is without point. The last day of the present year completes 1871 years since the commencement of the Christian Era.

G. G. SMITH, Garden Grove, Iowa, asks where he can secure a work on the U. S. Government describing the duties of the several officers, &c., and giving the routine of business in Congress.—For information on parliamentary law and usages see Jefferson's or Cushing's Manual. For information as to duties of officers, see American Year Book, published by O. D. Case & Co., Hartford.

S. ROBINSON, Wegee, Ohio.—The publisher inquired for is supposed to be honest and reliable. We have no personal knowledge of him or his affairs.

ANGELINA VANDERPOOL, Modena, Mo.—Your best plan is to apply to some tailor. Mere patterns will not help you much.

HAMILTON, Waynesboro, Pa., asks:—1. What are the doctrines of the Swedenborgian Church, of which Robert Lincoln is a member. 2. Of the church to which Henry Ward Beecher belongs, and the doctrines of the Greek Church. 3.—What is meant by the Tenure of Office bill—I see so much about it in the papers, but do not understand it it right.—It is impossible in the space allowed in this column to give a fair idea of the doctrine of the New Jerusalem Church, or the doctrines set forth in the works of Emanuel Swedenborg. The doctrines teach the goodness of God in essence and in person, and that he is a Divine Man. All life is of love and God alone has life in and of himself. He is essential love and thus essential life. All other beings are the recipients of life from Him. God is always essential wisdom. Man has two faculties—a will to receive and be affected by the Divine love and understanding to receive and be enlightened by Divine wisdom. An essential part of man's nature was freedom, and man had the power to avert himself from the only source of genuine love and life. The aversion represented by the fall of Adam, took place more and more through successive generations, till man ceased to regard God as the only source of life.—In this way evil was introduced into the world, and was transmitted from generation to generation. The will became corrupt and men inherited tendencies to evils. These evils become sins only when they are indulged and committed; but they must be seen and renounced by repentance, reformation and regeneration before a state of heavenly life and happiness can be attained.

When mankind had fallen the Divine love prompted and Divine wisdom provided the means of redemption and restoration.

Swedenborg held that the spiritual world exists within the natural, as the soul exists in the body, and that there is the most intimate relation between the two. The spiritual world consists of three heavens; of three hells in oppo ition to the three heavens, and of a state between, called the world of spirits. Swedenborg called the heavens the heavenly or celestial, the spiritual and the natural. The heavenly heaven is governed by love and essentially by love to the Lord; the spiritual heaven by truth which manifests itself in love to neighbor; in the natural heaven these loves govern but in a subordinate degree. In each of the heavens as well as in each of the hells are societies, each society consisting of those who are governed by the same ruling love and are drawn together by a simularity of interior life and character. All the Angels work harmoniously together, each individual having a peculiar function or office to perform for the use and benefit of the rest—all moving in connection like the different organs of the human body. All those make one Greatest Man, within which dwells the Lord himself, giving life and intelligence to, and ruling in the heart of each and the whole.

In the hells are the evil spirits under the influence of the loves of self and the world. Immediately after death, all persons first enter the "world of spirits." Men are here surrounded by much the same influences as on earth, and are in free dom to turn in one direction or the other. At the time of the advent of the Lord, the equilibrium that made this freedom possible, was in danger of being destroyed, and the human race was threatened with destruction by a predominance of evil. The work of redemption consisted in rolling back this tide of evil, in subjugating hells and in restoring and preserving human freedom. We have aimed to sketch what were called the peculiar spiritual notions of Swedenborg, without entering into his discussion of the nature of Divine Power, his doctrine of redemption, &c.

The church is designed to be the gate of heaven—it is, to the rest of the human race, what the heart and lungs are to the body. There have been four churches or dispensations on the earth—each gradually declining, on account of loss of faith and charity, and giving place to another.—At the end of every church, there has been a general judgment in the spiritual world of those who lived during that dispensation, and a new heaven has been formed preparatory to the formation of a new church. The most ancient church was consummated with the flood and judgment accomplished. The ancient church was that under Israelitish dispensation, and when the Lord was on earth, a second general judgment was accomplished in the spiritual world, and the first Christian church was established. This continued until 1757, when the last general judgment was accomplished, and the New Jerusalem Church was formed. This will not come to an end but will continue to increase in the knowledge and love of the Lord for ages and ages, and there will be no other general judgment. Swedenborg believed that the second coming of the Lord was effected by means of himself (Swedenborg), a man before whom Christ manifested himself in person and whom he filled with his spirit to teach the doctrines of the New Church, through the Word, for him. By decree of divine providence a veil was drawn between the spiritual world and the natural this was drawn aside to the prophets and to Swedenborg that he might rev al the spiritual sense of the Scriptures. In this outline we have aimed to present the points wherein Swedenborg differed from other Christians of his time. The New Church accepts his interpretation of the Scriptures and respects him as a teacher.

5. Henry Ward Beecher is a Congregationalist. The Church receives the Bible as the only perfect standard of belief and rule of duty, and Churches are often constituted without particular creeds. The general system of theology is that maintained by Calvin. Each church is independent, holding allegiance to Christ alone, and in the administration of church affairs the brethren of the church have equal rights. 3. The Greek Church holds many doctrines in common with the Roman Catholic Church. It disowns the authority of the Pope and lays no claim to the character of infallibility. It performs baptism by three immersions. It denies the existence of purgatory, yet prays for the dead that God would have mercy on them at the general judgment. It maintains that the Holy Ghost proceeds only from the Father and not from the Son. It admits of no statues in relief or embossed work, but some paintings and engravings in copper or silver. It approves of the marriage of priests provided they marry before their ordination to holy orders. The principal act of divine worship is the mass which every member of the church is bound to hear every Sunday. Sermons are not considered essential. The use of instrumental music in church is forbidden, &c., &c. 4. The tenure of office bill was passed to regulate the tenure of civil offices. Among other things, it provided that persons holding or appointed to any civil office by and with the consent of the Senate, shall be entitled to hold such office until a successor shall have been in like manner appointed and duly qualified. This made the removal of cabinet officers subject to the approval of the Senate, the President having power to suspend when the Senate was not in session but not to remove.

"A CONSTANT READER."—One who dates his letter at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, but fails to give any signature, asks regarding the apple market of Baltimore and Pittsburgh. If he will apply to any leading commission merchant in either city, he will be furnished, gratuitously, with the produce circulars issued once a week or oftener by all such firms. These will afford him much fuller information than do telegraphic markets regarding apples.

JENNIE HALSTEAD.—Your verses are not utterly worthless, but still are not very good. There must be more than melody and rhyme. In the "Simple Village Tale" there is only this: "A city lover wooed a country girl, won her, deserted her and she died." This is the whole story, as you give no incidents, no dramatic situations. In short, there is not "spirit in every line." The measure is defective also, but there is promise that you can do much better. Such verses would be published by very many papers, but would not be paid for by many, because, to use a common phrase, so much genuine poetry is in the market. Address your letter, Editor Harper's Weekly Harper & Brothers, New York.

J. W., Lodi Station, Ill., asks "Who was Ithuriel, and what is the origin of the phrase The Spear of Ithuriel?"—In Milton's "Paradise Lost," when Satan had entered the Garden of Eden, in such disguise as to escape the notice of the angels on guard, Gabriel collected his hosts to discover him, notice of his entrance or passage having been given by Uriel. Gabriel, after stationing his hosts, called to him two subtle spirits, Ithuriel and Zephon, and ordered them to search for Satan where reposed Adam and Eve. They went on their search and found him "squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve" endeavoring to secure influence over her. Then, in the language of Milton,

"Ithuriel with his spear
Touched lightly; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of Celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness; up he starts,
Discovered and surprised."

Satan at this touch stands revealed in his true character and is driven out of the garden. From this comes the common meaning of "Ithuriel's spear," a something that will strip away all falsehood and show every thing in its true light. Ithuriel in Hebrew means "The discovery of God," and Zephon "a searcher of secrets."

U. A. BERRY, Bertram, Iowa, asks: "1st. What sciences are required to be mastered before a student can graduate in Law, in Physic or in Divinity. 2d. Is a home student who masters the necessary sciences outside of college entitled to a diploma; if so, how and where is he to obtain it?"—The student must master the general sciences and must master the special scienc, be that law, medicine or what it may be. Diplomas are merely certificates of colleges, and the student cannot obtain a diploma unless he graduates from a college. Your questions in regard to Valandigham turn on matters of opinion. He was a dangerous man at the time of his banishment and under martial law, no opposition is allowed. He at that time was not a law abiding citizen.

Mrs. D. S., Butler, Mo., asks: "What does the steel engraving of 'Evangeline' represent?"—Not very definite, as there may be several engravings entitled "Evangeline." The one referred to is, perhaps, representing the "Evangeline" described by Longfellow in his poem.

JAMES MCCORD, Hampton, Iowa, asks: "Why is it that we (on the Earth) travel such an immense circle around the Sun, and yet in all times of the year the North Star is always directly north of us, from all points of the globe?"—It is not. In this latitude it is but in the Antartic regions, the people see none of the northern constellations. The North Star does not change with reference to the earth, because it is on the line of the Earth's axis. The question was discussed at length in a previous number.

S. B. HEDGE, Washington County, Pa.—The firm inquired after is responsible and reliable.

AMERICAN Gloucester, Mass., asks:—"Are their any papers devoted to the interest of the furniture trade, published in any city west or south of Boston."—There are no papers, outside of Boston, devoted exclusively to the furniture trade.

M. E. A.—Your questions in regard to the children of Marie Antoinette, have been answered in these columns.

P. O., asks:—"Are box rents at Postoffices regulated by law; if so what are the legal rates per annum."—The Postmaster fixes the box rents.—It is a matter of convenience to the patrons for which they pay.

R. R. REMUS, Hiawatha, Kansas, asks:—1. Where and by whom was Mary, Queen of Scots, recaptured after her escape from Lochleven? 2. Has the biography of Gen. J. H. Lane, the Hero of Kansas, ever been published? 3. Has the story of the "Phantom Ship," as told by Longfellow in his poem of that any foundation? If so please give the facts."—After Queen Mary escaped from Lochleven Castle, and after the defeat of her army at Langside, she went to England where she was received by Queen Elizabeth and treated for a time with some consideration. 2. We cannot refer you to any biography of Gen. Lane. 3. There are other stories similar to the "Phantom Ship," but we do not know what "facts" suggested any of them.

AN OLD SOLDIER of the United States Army and one who has served 11 years in the British Army, and who writes from Bowling Green, Wood county, Ohio, desires to know the exact ration of regular in the United States Army, pay, clothing, &c.—The pay of a private soldier in an infantry regiment is $13 per month—pay of mounted men $14 per month. The pay of corporal is the same as a private; of Sergeant, $17 per month; First Sergeant, $20; Ordinance Sergeant, $22; Sergeant Major, $21; Field Musician, $12. The allowance for clothing to privates in Infantry and Artillery regiments is as follows: $3 93 per month first year; $2 27 per month second year; $3 17 per month third year; $3 27 per month for the fourth year; and $3 91 per month the fifth year. That is, $47 16 for the first year; $27 24 for the second; $38 04 for the third; $27 24 for the fourth; $34 92 for the fifth—a total of $147 60 for the five years. For cavalry the allowance is $4 02 per month first year; $2 27 the second year; $3 17 the third; $3 27 the fourth; $3 81 the fifth. A total allowance of $48 24 the first year; $27 24 the second; $38 04 the third; $27 24 the fourth; $33 80 the fifth. Total for the five years, $174 72.

The ration is as follows:

Twelve ounces of pork, bacon sides, shoulders, hams or one pound 4 ounces of fresh beef or salt beef. Eighteen ounces of flour or soft bread, or one pound and four ounces of corn meal. Beans, peas and sugar, 2.4 ounces. Rice, hominy and green coffee, 1.6 ounces. Roasted coffee, 1.28 ounces. Vinegar, .32 of a gill. Candles, the one-fifth of an ounce. Soap, 0.64 of an ounce. Salt, 3.5 of an ounce. Pepper the one twenty-fifth part of an ounce. Potatoes, 4.8 ounces. Molasses, the the two twenty-fifths of a gill. Desiccated potatoes, 1½ ounces. Mixed vegetables, one ounces.

Insurance Department

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ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

S. F. C., Makawao, Maui; J. B. S., Lindsay, Kansas; and H. P., Carmel, O.—The companies referred to by you all stand well and are worthy of confidence.

R. D. M., Adamsville, Mich.—Although the company exhibits over $5,000,000 of assets, its surplus, above liabilities, is only claimed to be some $400,000. (Including capital,) and we apprehend that a strict scrutiny would throw out "bersaele" assets considerably exceeding the assumed surplus. So large a company ought to have more than this one has, as a margin against a day of exceptional losses.

Prof. Piney, Alfred Center, N. Y.—There can be no question of the solvency of the Company. As to the plan you speak of you must be your own judge. But remember that no respectable company will operate upon a plan which is entirely in the interest of the insurant and against itself. Hence, however loud the offer, you may be sure the Company only proposes to do what it can afford to do.

P. P. F., East German, New York. The Hartford Company you mention is entirely worthy of confidence; the other is a comparatively young thing, struggling hard to maintain its right to live. Its permanence is not matter of certainty by any means and yet its condition gives no ground to fear that policy holders will lose by it; for it can hardly get so far behind hand as not to have a sufficient amount left to reinsure with.

As to our "knowing and naming better companies than either of these," it must be evident that whatever we might know, it would hardly answer for us to print here a list of such "better companies" unless we wanted to improvise a hornet's nest.

E. R. Markle, Ind. A first class company in every particular. We can't properly enter upon a discussion of the relative positions of the premium note and all cash systems. The note companies are gradually abandoning that principle, and; therefore, we think policy holders may infer that they may as well do the same. There's nothing like knowing beforehand just what your insurance is going to cost you. This you never know under the note system. It is evident enough, however, that the note plan does not cheapen the price of the insurance.

A Subscriber, Sparta, Ills.; A. S. M., Middleburg, O.; C. P. Zionsville, Ind. All the companies named are deemed solvent and trustworthy.

J. E. Manti, Iowa. Yes, the company is sound, and you had better keep your policy. The agent lied, and knew he lied, if he told you that the surrender value named on your policy would be paid in addition to a return in full of your premiums. The figures mean just what they say. You must remember that insurance cannot be *given away* and that it is generally worth to the policy holder what he pays for it (in a respectable company) without regard to the dividends. That he should expect to withdraw from a company and get back all, or nearly all he has paid, is unreasonable; but the idea of getting back more than has been paid, is monstrously absurd. This would be simply charging the company for the honor of insuring you.

Wm. E., Brookfield, Mo. It is rather late to ask about a company's condition, *after* you have made a five years' contract with it. We are not very firm believers in the plans of the company you mention, and do not believe they will stand the test of time. The system championed by the company is, as yet, an experiment; its offers look liberal and are very plausible, but are really less advantageous to the insurant than the old plan of paying a fixed sum in cash for absolute indemnity. Moreover, whether you like it or not, we have doubts if you can get out of the company without paying up all your notes, or at least keeping up your end of the contract sacredly. See if your policy doesn't pretty clearly indicate this!

A. W. McC., St. Johns, Ohio. Good company, and to our notion, operating on the true plan.

A correspondent takes exception to the manner in which we reply to parties inquiring about the standing, solvency, management, and practices of various companies, and thinks our answers should indicate the companies *by name*, so that the information may be availed of by all our subscribers. A little reflection will convince this writer that although such a course would save us trouble and space, it would result invidiously to the companies and secure for some of them an amount of gratuitous advertising which we do not feel called upon to contribute. Moreover, this column was established for the benefit and protection of the subscribers of the BLADE, as such, and not for that of the general public, nor that of the insurance companies. It is our intention to do equal and exact justice in our replies, and if we named all the companies we refer to we would hardly feel as free to say frankly just what we want to say. Nor do we set ourselves up to decide, *ex-cathedra*, upon the financial solvency of the companies, except as regards certain offices which appear to have outlived the day of danger and to have reached a position almost unchallengeable. Such companies have a very direct way of showing themselves to the mass of the readers of the BLADE, by the aid of our advertising columns. It would be manifestly unfair in us to mention here only such as happen to be made the subjects of inquiry.

A SUBSCRIBER, Cedar Grove, N. C.—The company you name stands well as to solvency and honorable dealing; but does not make the progress it should. For instance, after some seven years' existence it has gathered assets of about $1,500,000 against which must be placed liabilities of $1,600,000, (including the $200,000 capital.) Its income last year year was less than $600,000, but the expenditures were $400,000, which is hardly a healthy sign. Still the company is in the hands of first-class men and may yet turn out profitably to its customers. At all events it is safe; and letting your policy lapse would be a foolish thing to do, considering that wife and those four children.

J. M. S., Lafayette, Ind.—That company is young and weak. It cultivates a peculiar field, however, and rallies to its support a large class in the community, and therefore may succeed in time. But why invest your money in experiments when certainties are obtainable as cheap or cheaper?

T. W. T., West Carlisle.—The company you name is in a very sound condition and can show a surplus of $1,100,000 over all its liabilities. It is prudently managed, and therefore likely to keep all it has and get more.

L. C. W., Martin's Ferry, O.—You need not be uneasy. The company has nearly $2,000,000 of assets and a surplus of some $250,000. Your premiums are increased, probably, by the amount of interest accrued upon your notes. Companies cannot always do all that their agents promise in their name. In this respect you are in the same boat with a good many others.

INSURED, Cawker City, Kansas.—The Philadelphia Company you name does not report to the New York or Massachusetts insurance department, although it does do business in Ohio and at the West. It claims to have over $3,000,000 of assets and shows a surplus over liabilities of about $500,000. If its statements are to be relied upon, we should have to admit the company's solvency. But as it makes its own valuations, and dodges the department in the important test, we confess to a little incredulity as regards the surplus mentioned above.

Why will people persist in burning fluids which yearly causes the death of thousands, when Pratt's Astral Oil is free from all explosive qualities? It is not the cheapest, but the safest and best illuminating oil ever made.

Oil house of Chas. Pratt, 108 Fulton St., N. Y. Established 1770.

THE OHIO STATE FAIR.

Special Features—Horses, Cattle, &c.

The Twenty-Second Annual Ohio State Fair was held at Springfield, commencing on Monday, Sept. 25th, and closing on Friday Sept. 29th. The weather during the week was unusually cold for the season, and this was unfavorable to a large attendance, as people hesitated to leave the fires at home for cold rides on the cars and cold walks about the grounds. The season in Ohio has been a good one for the farmer and the exhibition showed this in every department. The show of fruit was the best ever seen in the State, peaches excepted. The display of farm products, generally speaking, was very fine. The show of Ohio cattle was better than last year, and better in the short horn class than ever before, although there was not as fine a display from Kentucky and Indiana as last year. The show of hogs was pronounced the best ever seen in this country; and in sheep, poultry, &c., the display was up to the standard. There was scarcely the usual excitement about horses, but the display was not behind that of previous years. There are ninety acres in the grounds. The halls are large and convenient, and reached from several entrances. On Monday there were few people on the grounds. On Tuesday, even, the attendance was light. On Wednesday there were about 20,000 people present. On Thursday about 35,000. On Friday about half as many.

During all these days the interest of the people never failed. One of the hopeful signs of the times, is in the growing interest shown by all classes in improvements in labor saving machines. Every day the crowd in the machine department, in which there never was a finer display, was larger even than that which gathered about the horse ring or the cattle ring.

GRAIN BINDER.

Among the new machines that attracted special attention, was Parker's Twine Grain Binder. In this machine, the horses are behind the machine. The grain is cut, carried back to the binding apparatus, which is entirely automatic, is caught up, pressed tight in a bundle, and while held in this way, the twine by a simple attachment is drawn close about it and tied by the motion of the machine, in a knot that is as difficult to untie as one tied by a skilful expert in the tying business. In short this machine cuts the grain, rakes, binds firmly, and drops at the side of the machine out of the way of the horses, in the next passage. Two or four horses can be used. The machine shown is a little cumbersome, but worked well in the field. That it will be improved in this particular and become a useful machine, there is little doubt. The binding apparatus can be attached to any machine that will deliver grain the right way.

HARVESTERS.

There was shown in comparison with the Marsh Harvester a new harvester in which the grain was bound by binders on the machine. Also, Bryson's Gleaner and a new dropper attached to different machines. In fact the improvements on machines were more numerous than ever, and as far as observed were practical and useful.

GANG PLOWS—IMPROVEMENTS.

Among the new or improved machines and implements none attracted more attention than Blackwood's improvement in gang plows, exhibited by John Blackwood, Lithopolis, Ohio. The weight of the plows is kept off the ground by a chain. This regulates the depth of furrow, and there is no hard-pan formed under the plows. Each plow always cuts a full furrow slice, be the ground hard or soft; the plows are kept level in any depth of furrow by raising or lowering a lever; the plows can be raised or lowered at pleasure; and the whole machine can be turned without moving the front wheels from their place. The plowing can be done by a boy. The patent on the improvement has just been issued, and those who wish an interest in the patent should address John Blackwood, at Lithopolis, O.

Mr. Blackwood has also invented a three horse equalizer, for equalizing draft. This is worked by draft rod and triangles, doing away with side draft entirely. This can be applied to reapers and mowers and other machines.

EXCELSIOR REAPERS AND MOWERS.

Improvements always show well on old and favorite machines. Farmers feel more pride in such improvements than in any others. Several new improvements, (and because they are the results of experience in the field, and of the observation and experiments of one of the leading inventors of the age, valuable improvements) have been added to the Excels or machines, Reapers and Mowers, manufactured by Cline, Selberling & Co., at Doylestown, Wayne county, Ohio.

Among the improvements is a sliding or shifting reel, or arrangement of the reel post by which the driver can raise or lower the reel to suit all kinds of grain, and do this while the machine is in motion. A new double motion apparatus enables the driver to change the machine from fast to slow or vice versa, at will, and without stopping the team. The cutter bar can be raised or lowered easily, at the pleasure of the driver. These improvements on improvements, we may say, taken with the ease of management, simplicity of gearing, and other well-known excellent qualities of the Excelsior machines, send them to the field for 1872, better prepared than ever before to work in all kinds of grain and under all circumstances in which machines are generally found not equal to the requirements of the occasion.

Three sizes of machines are manufactured by the Doylestown firm—the large wood frame or Senior, which reaps a swath six feet wide and mows four and one-half feet wide; the large iron frame or Medium, same width of cut; the Junior or smaller size iron frame, mows four feet two inches wide, with reaping attachment, if desired, which cuts a swath five and a half feet wide.

THE CLIMAX MACHINE.

The Climax Mower and Reaper Company, Corry, Erie Co., Pennsylvania, was represented at the State Fair by Charles Colahan, Gen. Agent. There were on exhibition the Climax Self Raking Reaper, the Junior Mower and the Senior Mower and combined dropper. The Climax Mower and Reaper is at once a mower or a reaper, with self rake—the machine can be changed from front to rear cut in a few minutes—the gear, either as mower or reaper, having two distict motions. The Climax machines come from the harvests of 1871 with a proud record.

THE SULKY MACHINES.

The Sulky Reapers and Mowers, manufactured at the Toledo Agricultural Works, show as many improvements as any other machines, and at the State Fair received that attention that practical men give to anything that accomplishes all that is promised. A new rake and reel, added during the past season, received special attention and both were highly commended.

GENERALITIES.

The exhibition at Springfield was one of the best ever held under the auspices of the Association, but the receipts, contrary to expectation, fell far short of last year. There was a creditable show of thoroughbred horses. The first premium on stallions, four years old, went to "Hurrah," owned by John Reber, of Lancaster; on three years olds to "Young Ben Butler," owned by D. B. Anderson, of Xenia.

SHORT HORNS—AWARDS.

As has been remarked Ohio Short Horns were never in better condition for a fine show. Among the awards were the following:

Best aged bull, Jesse Hagler, Washington, C. H.; second best, C. W. Guy, Mechanicsburg.

Best bull, 2 years old, (Royal Lad) Hook & Alexander, Xenia; second best, (Sir Frederick,) Wright & Rose, Bucyrus.

Best bull, one year old, (Lendon Duke) Wm. Warfield, Lexington, Ky.; second best, R. R. Seymour, Burbridge, O.

Best bull calf, (Plainwood Duke,) R. G. Dun, London; second best, (Shawnee Lad,) Charles Hook, Xenia.

Best aged cow, (Loudon Duchess,) W. Warfield; second best, (Profitable 4,) David Kelser, London.

Best cow, two years old, (Loudon Duchess 4,) Wm Warfield; second best, (Matilda 4,) C. N. Guy.

Best cow, one year old, David Kelser, (Profitable 5,) second best, Wm. Warfield, (Heroine.)

Best heifer calf, R. G. Dun, (Plainwood Belle 5,) second best, R. R. Seymour, (Lady Payne.)

Best cow, with calf at her side, R. G. Dun, (Plainwood Lass,) second best, Jesse Hagler.

Both premiums on herds went to Warfield, of Kentucky. The premium for best breeding bull to M. H. Meshew, Sevenville, Ohio; for best bull of any age, to Hook & Alexander, of Xenia; for best cow of any age, to Dun, of Plainwood.

Sergeant B——, of the Second Michigan.

Soon after Burnside reached Knoxville, Tennessee, says the *Army Journal*, in the fall of 1863, and it became evident that the Ninth Corps were to be locked in by Longstreet, there was some anxiety among the troops as to the matter of rations, and foraging parties were not very scrupulous regarding the rights of the inhabitants in that vicinity. Under the doctrine of military necessity, chickens, pigs, calves, and the like became scarce.

On one occasion Sergeant B——, of the Second Michigan Infantry, was "out," or, as he expressed it, "only looking for something," and, nearing a cabin, discovered a smoke house, built, as they all were, of cobble stone walls. Proceeding to examine, he was hailed by the owner—"Saay, what yer doin' thar?" "Looking for something," was the reply. Finding the entrance fastened, the sergeant picked up a rail and commenced battering the wall, to get at the inside. "Tha hain't nothin' in thar." "Well, I've got plenty of time to look," says B., and another blow brought down a part of the side, exposing a fine ham hanging from the roof. "I had forgot that was thar," says the owner. "Well, then, you won't miss it." "But yer oughter to pay me for it. That yer ham is wuth a shillin' a pound to me." The sergeant stood a moment in doubt whether to plead military necessity or pay the money down, and then said: "Weigh it, and I'll take it at your price." Going to the cabin, a pair of steelyards were brought out, and the ham, which had been smoked with the foot on, weighed 32 pounds. Taking out his knife and cutting off the foot and weighing it carefully, the sergeant says: "I'll buy the ham at your price, a shilling a pound, and pay you in ham at my price; it is worth a dollar a pound to me. Your piece weighs a little over four pounds, you can owe me the change," and, leaving the Tennesseean with the piece in his hand, wondering if that was a fair trade or a swindle, Sergt. B—— and the ham left for camp at double quick.

Determined to be Hanged.

The Chicago *Times* has the following: The recent murder trial in Brown county, of this State, certainly deserves a place among the romances of crime. A telegraph operator, engaged in his business at Grand Island, Neb., receives a dispatch ordering his own arrest for a murder committed some two years previous, in the southern part of Illinois. He makes no effort to escape, and is arrested and committed to jail. Twice during his confinement the other inmates break jail and gain their freedom; but he stubbornly refuses to follow them, saying he prefers to have his innocence vindicated by a trial. He is brought to trial, and it is proved that two years since one Kimball and another man started for Texas with a team; that Kimball was murdered; that his companion continued on his trip, and that the latter subsequently registered his name at a hotel as W. H. Stout, the name of the accused. Two or three witnesses identify the prisoner as the man whom they saw in company with Kimball. On the other hand, eight respectable citizens of Grand Island swear quite as positively that Stout was at that place at the time of the murder. On this evidence the prisoner is found guilty and his sentence fixed at twenty years' confinement in the state prison.

Couldn't Trust Himself.

The *Swiss Times* reports that a native of Fribourg presented himself a few days ago at the window of the Post-office at Lausanne, and asked for an order of 100 francs. The clerk put the following usual questions to him: "Who is the sender?" "Jacques Mathieu." "What is the name of the payee?" "Jacques Mathieu, *post-crestante* at Estavayer." "Is he your brother?" "No, it is myself." "Do you mean to say that you are sending a Post-office order to yourself at Estavayer?" "Yes, I am going there." "But why can't you take it yourself?" "Ah, there it is," said the simple fellow; "you see, I know myself, and if I were to take the money with me the probability is that it would never reach Estavayer, while, by sending it through the Post-office, I shall be sure to find it on my arrival, where I shall need it."

A bust of Willam Cullen Bryant, executed some four years ago, will, it is said, be placed on its pedestal in the Central Park, New York, on the 4th of November. It was unplaced in obedience to a rule of the Park Commissioners—who were—that no statues of living men should be erected; but the new Board established a precedent ignoring this rule when they gave a place to the statue of Prof. Morse a few months ago.

PLYMOUTH COLONY.

Its Origin, Location and Progress.

I. ITS ORIGIN.

Its origin is found in the conviction that good people migrating West owe it to the world, to themselves and their households, to go together and co-operate with others like minded. This is the way to form centers of moral influence in new States, and one of the most effective modes of doing good; while it is manifestly the true way to secure immediate and satisfactory educational, social and religious results. Plymouth Colony is the offspring of this TRUE IDEA, and those who are flocking thither are such as do heartily sympathise with the cause of temperance and religion.

II. WHERE IS IT LOCATED?

In Jefferson county, Nebraska, 70 miles west of the Missouri river, 18 miles north of the Kansas line; about the same latitude of the famous fruit-growing regions of the East. The best collection of fruits, which took the pretmium at the late Pomological Convention at Richmond, Va., were produced in Nebraska, only a few miles east of Plymouth.

III. PROGRESS OF THE COLONY.

This has been almost without a parallel. Already about 10 000 acres have been sold to persons of this class for farming purposes; and the interest is daily increasing.

Are you thinging of going West to seek a home where you can obtain more land than you now have, on the most desirable conditions? And would you, at the same time, connect yourself with one of the most interesting and important movements, and aid in laying the foundations of a thoroughly temperance and Christian community, and thus secure, from the start, good neighbors, schools and all that belongs to good society? Then join the Plymouth colony. But if you would get your farm at the present low figures, *go at once!* A word to the wise should suffice.

"First come, first served," is the rule. No commission. The personal interests of members are not merged nor embarrassed by any general fund, and no initiation fee is charged for becoming a member of the colony. Each owns his own farm, and will dispose of the products of his industry in his own way. Cooperation is resorted to for moral, religious and economical purposes only. Is this like the effect of cooperation is agreeable and most happy.

Where definite information is desired, it will be furnished cheerfully upon application to the following persons:

REV. D. E. JAMES,
Lincoln, Nebraska.
REV. J. W. TAYLER,
No. 46 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
REV. CHAS. W. TURNER,
P. O. Box No. 779, Cleveland, Ohio.

James Brooks writes home from Europe that the more he travels the more universal he finds the English language becoming.

Halford Table Sauce, for use in families.

G. GERBER & Co., Toledo, Ohio, proprietors of the STAR AXE, Send for price lists, and try the axe.

Dr. Price's Tooth Lozenges are perfectly reliable.

ASTHMA.—Whitcomb's Remedy very soon relieved me.—Rev. A. L. Barber, Wallingford, Ct.

We are taking great pains with our STAR AXES, and guarantee them to give satisfaction. GERBER & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

UPHAM'S ASTHMA CURE relieves the most violent paroxysms in five minutes, and effects a speedy cure. Price, $2, by mail.

Superfluous hair removed in five minutes, without injury to the skin, by UPHAM'S Depilatory Powder. $1 25 by mail. Address S. C. UPHAM, 106, South Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa. Circulars sent free. Sold by all druggists.

Steam engine men will do well to correspond with J. H. DANN, Rouseville, Pa. The Cleaner we know to be a good thing.

Thirty thousand STAR AXES sold in 1870.

Nevermore can the coarse, gritty tooth powders and tooth destroying chemical fluids find a place on the toilets of sensible people. The fragrant and preservative SOZODONT has superseded them all.

☞ We would call the attention of our readers to an article in another column concerning Plymouth Colony—its origin, location and progress.

$10 from 50 Cents.

Something urgently needed by everybody. Call and examine, or twelve samples sent (postage free) for fifty cents that retails readily for ten dollars. R. L. WOLCOTT,
181 Chatham Square, N. Y.
sep28 weom5mo 64

For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan, use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. The only reliable and harmless remedy for removing brown discolorations from the skin. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond street, New York. Sold by druggists everywhere.

For Pimply Eruptions, Black Heads, Blotched Disfigurations on the face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy.
oct12 w1 w30☞

SWEET SIXTEEN.—If you wish to look young as well as beautiful, use Hagan's Magnolia Balm upon your face, neck and hands, and Lyons' Celebrated Kathairon upon your hair. The Balm makes your complexion natural, transparent and lively. It removes Freckles, Pimples, Moth patches, &c., and instead of a red, rustic face, you have the marble purity of a city belle. It gives to mid dle age the bloom of youth. Add to this a luxuriant head of hair, produced by Lyon's Kathairon, and a lady has done her happiest thing in the way of adornment. It is the best dressing in the world, and prevents the hair from falling out and turning gray. Sold by all druggists.

The Markets.

New York Produce Market.

NEW YORK, Oct. 9 1871.

Cotton in fair demand but at lower rates; middling uplands 19¾c. Flour in active demand at better prices; receipts 17 000 bbls; superfine, western and State $6 40@6 80; common to good extra $7 00@7 20; good to choice $7 25@7 65; white western extra $7 65@8 00; Ohio extras $7 10@7 70; St. Louis $7 35@9 25. Rye Flour and Corn Meal quiet. Whiskey heavy; sellers at 98c. Wheat in fair demand and at better prices on account of the Chicago fire; receipts 260,000 bu; No 2 spring (part) to arrive) at 154@158c; winter red western 160@164c amber Michigan 165@170c; white 169@174c; fancy amber Indiana 170c; winter red Illinois 164c. Rye, Barley and Malt steady. Corn in fair demand at better prices; receipts 88 000; bu western mixed in store 78c; afloat 88½c; yellow 78@79c; white 81c. Oats firm; receipts 143,000 bu western and Ohio at 58@54c. Hay and Hops quiet. Coffee active; Rio 16¾@18c. Sugar steady; fair to good refining 9@9¾c; Cuba 9¼@9¾c. Molasses dull but unchanged. Rice 8¾@9c. Petroleum—Crude 14¾c; refined 24@24½c. Total Stock of Grain—wheat, 571,000 bu; corn, 144,000 bu; oats, 1,487 000 bu; rye, 149,000 bu; barley, 43,000 bu; malt, 107,000 bu; peas, 17,000 bu. Provisions—Pork firm; mess, $13 75; prime, $10 25@10 50; prime mess, $11 25@11 50, and seller October $13 62. Beef and Cut Meats unchanged. Middles firm and active; long clear and short clear, 8¼@8¾c, seller October to January. Lard firmer; prime steam, 9¾@10¾c, kettle dried 10½c; seller October 10¾c; seller December 10c; seller January 9¾c. Butter and Cheese unchanged.

Toledo Produce Market.

TUESDAY MORNING, Oct 10.

Flour—The market has been rather firm with a fair demand, though transactions have not been large. We quote leading grades as follows: Fine, $4 15@4 50; Superfine, $4 75; Extra, $5@5 50; XX and Fancy, 6 50@7 50. Buckwheat, $5. Rye, $4 75. Transactions during the early part of the past week were dull and prices heavy. Prices yesterday were firm at an advance of 4@5c on the quotations of last week. We quote: amber, 151c spot and seller October, seller last half October 152c, No 1 white Michigan 155c; No 2 white Wabash nominal; No 3 white Wabash 146c; No 1 Red Wabash 148c; No 2 Red 145@146c; seller last half October 146@147c. No. 3 Red 136c. Rejected Red nominal. Amber Illinois—No. 1 nominal; No. 2 145c. Corn market firm and prices advancing. We quote: High-mixed 57½c; Low-mixed 56½c; Yellow 57½c; No Grade nominal. A sale of new Low-mixed was made last week at 50c; and new High-mixed was was offered yesterday at 53c, but without sale. OATS—The market of yesterday was a little more active and ½@1c higher, prices rising at 33½c for No 1, 34½c, other grades without sale. Rye quiet and higher at 76c for No 1 and 73c for No 2. Mill Feed steady at $19@20 for Bran, $20@21 for Shorts, and $23@$26 for Middlings. Butter, 16@18c for fresh. Eggs, 20c. Potatoes, 50@60c per bushel.

Oswego Market.

OSWEGO, Oct. 9 1871.

Flour—steady; spring $7 75; amber $8 25. Wheat quiet; No 1 Milwaukee 150c, in cr lots; round lots offered at 146@147.

Philadelphia Market.

Oct. 9, 1871.

Flour dull—Wisconsin and Minnesota extra family, $7 00@8 50; Indiana and Ohio, $7@7 50.—Wheat dull—red western, 160@162. Rye unchanged. Corn quiet. Oats steady. Mess Pork $14 50. Lard, 10¾@10¾c. Whiskey firm, 102c.

Baltimore